

THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Nickolas Muray

EVA LE GALLIENNE

*Who Has Been Named by Molnar Himself to Play
the Title Role of His Latest Comedy, "The Swan"*



IN THE WINGS

Posed by Martha Shelby, for Maurice Goldberg, Our Modern Degas in Photography

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



The New Season Has to Offer—

THAT the new season, already in full swing, will prove one of the richest and most varied in years is indicated by the many important plays scheduled for production. Our native drama, which each year grows in virility and interest, is well represented. A new play by Eugene O'Neill called *The Fountain* is among Arthur Hopkins' principal offerings, and a new comedy by Philip Barry, author of *You and I*, entitled *Poor Richard*, will be presented by Richard Herndon. Other new plays by well known American authors are: *The Black Flag*, by A. E. Thomas; *The Nervous Wreck* and *Home Fires*, both by Owen Davis; *The Great Lady Dedlock*, a dramatization of *Bleak House* by Paul Kester, in which Margaret Anglin will be seen; *Connie Goes Home*, by Edward Childs Carpenter; *Pansy*, by Herbert Hall Winslow; *Chains*, and *Simon Called Peter*, both by Jules Eckert Goodman; *The Breaking Point*, by Mary Roberts Rinehardt; *The Changlings*, for Henry Miller by Lee Wilson Dodd; *In the Next Room*, by Harriet Ford and Eleanor Robson Belmont; *The Good Old Days*, by Aaron Hoffman; *The Streak*, by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes; *Lullaby*, by Edward Knoblock; *Tweedles and Magnolia*, both by Booth Tarkington; *Benjamin Franklin*, by Louis Evan Shipman; *The Whole Town's Talking*, by John Emerson and Anita Loos; *Tartarin on the Alps*, for Otis Skinner, by Edith Ellis; *Tarnish*, by Gilbert Emery; *The Vegetable*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald; *Silence* and *The Fakir*, two melodramas by Max Marcin.

IN addition to the foregoing, and by way of comparison, the new season offers an inviting array of European novelties. The Selwyns carry the largest number of foreign importations, their offerings including the Paris Grand Guignol, André Charlot's *London Revue Intime*; a new play by A. A. Milne entitled *Success*, a new comedy called *By Grace of God*, by Frederick Lonsdale, author of *Aren't We All?*, *Batling Butler*, a musical comedy from England; and *The Camel's Back*, by Somerset Maugham. Jane Cowl will appear under this management in two Shakespearean productions *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Twelfth Night*. Other foreign importations are: *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*, by St. John Ervine, in which Mrs. Fiske appears for the first time under the direction of David Belasco, Max Reinhardt's colossal spectacles *The Miracle* and *The World Theatre*, Eleanor Duse with her Italian company; the Piccoli Italian Marionettes; *Heavenly and Earthly Love*, by Molnar; *The Way Things Happen*, by Clemence Dane, author of *A Bill of Divorcement*; two plays by Pirandello to be produced by Brock Pemberton; *The Return*, adapted from the French by Avery Hopwood, and Sir John Martin Harvey and English company who will be brought over by Lee Shubert. Sir John, who last appeared here in 1914 in *The Only Way*, will be seen in *Oedipus Rex*, *Via Crucis* and *Hamlet*.

SEVERAL plays from French sources are in rehearsal by Charles Frohman, Inc., among them *Little Miss Bluebeard* with Irene Bordoni, and *The Alarm Clock* with Bruce McRae, Blanche Ring and Marion Coakley. Both adaptations are by Avery Hopwood. Other important productions

by the Frohmans include Ferenc Molnar's *The Swan*, with Eva Le Gallienne in the title role, and *Casanova*, an adaptation from the Spanish of Lorenzo Azertis, by Sydney Howard. *Casanova* will be staged by Gilbert Miller and presented in association with A. H. Woods. Another foreign importation will be John Drinkwater's latest play, *Robert E. Lee*, a dramatic study of the famous leader of the Confederacy, which has been seen recently in London.

THE season of Walter Hampden at the National Theatre will be one of the most important events of the year. Coming into the city as an actor-producer with a theatre under his personal control, he promises a series of classic and romantic plays. Opening about October 1st in a revival of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which has not been seen in New York in twenty-three years, Mr. Hampden will later appear in his entire Shakespearean repertoire, including two plays in which he has not been seen here, *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*. One of Mr. Hampden's most interesting offerings will be Philip Massenger's famous Jacobean comedy, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, in which he will play Sir Giles Overreach, a favorite role in the repertoires of all the great actors of the past, but which has not been seen in New York since E. L. Davenport played it here in 1874. Another new play that Mr. Hampden will present is *The Ring of Truth*, a drama founded upon Robert Browning's *The Ring and the Book*, by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer, in which the actor-manager will act the priest, Caponsacchi.

The Theatre Guild will be very active. Its new important offerings will be *Windows*, a comedy by John Galsworthy, and *The Failures*, a tragedy adapted from the French play *Les Ratés*, of H. R. Lenormand, and the chief rôle of which will be portrayed by Ben Ami. Later, the Guild will offer Molnar's *The Guardsman*, Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Masse Mensch* by Ernst Toller, and *King Lear* with Rudolph Schildkraut.

THE musical comedies are practically all of native complexion. *Poppy*, an operetta by Dorothy Donnelly, with Madge Kennedy in the leading rôle, will be seen shortly, followed by the *Artists and Models Revue* at the Century Roof; new editions of the *Greenwich Village Follies* and the *Music Box Revue*, George M. Cohan's *The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly*, Ted Lewis's *Frolic*, with Lillian Lorraine, *Topsy and Eva*, a musical version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with the Duncan sisters as co-stars. Arthur Hammerstein announces the *Nine O'Clock Revue*, a London importation with the entire London cast, headed by Morris Harvey, and a new musical comedy *Plain Jane*, featuring Mary Hay. *Bal Tabarin*, a musical adaptation from the French of Nicholas Nancy adapted by Edward Delaney Dunn, music by Jean Schwartz and J. Fred Coots. William A. Brady contributes *Boys and Girls*, a musical version of *Forever After*, by Owen Davis, adapted by Harry Tierney and James McCarthy, while Carle Carlton offers *The Javanese Doll*, an adaptation by Clare Kummer of a musical comedy by Hans Bachwitz and Rudolph Lothar, *Paradise Alley* and *En Douce*, a French musical revue with Mistinguette.

Jack (John Halliday) and Jim (Allan Dinehardt), both in love with Lea (Ruth Shepley), politely request that she relieve the situation by definitely declaring her preference, and making one or the other the happiest man in the world.



After considerable debate Lea decides in favor of Jack, the gentleman standing, but is overcome with remorse because her decision leaves Jim—unhappiest of mortals—no alternative but to go far, far away and forget.



Demanding an explanation, Jack discovers that Jim, all the while, has been quietly falling in love with Doris (Clai-borne Foster), a saucy little flapper whose conquest re-establishes harmony and makes everyone live happily ever after.



Five years later Jim has returned—still remembering—and creating an unhappy situation in the domestic tranquility of Jack and his wife which results in a jealous quarrel.

Photos White, N. Y.

THE NEW PLAY

"Two Fellows and a Girl" a Sentimental But Attractive Love Story

Critics Hail a New and Great Othello

Walter Hampden's Interpretation of the Moor Declared the Most Powerful Since Salvini

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

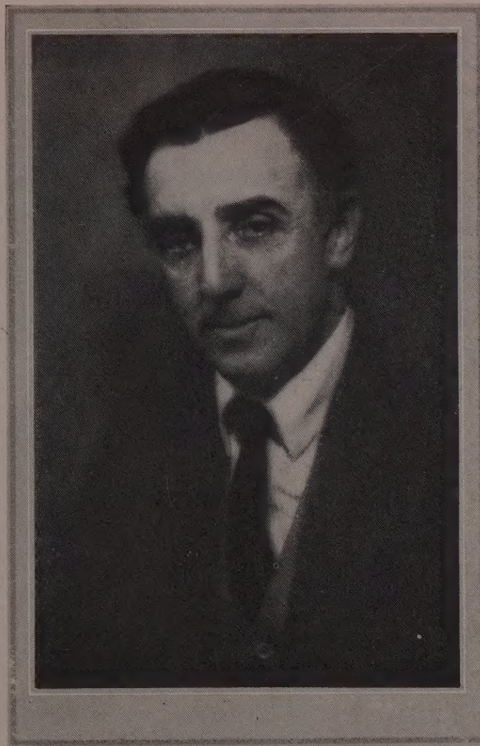
DURING the course of his forthcoming repertory season at the National Theatre in New York, Walter Hampden expects to produce three or four new plays by contemporary authors, including *The Black Flag*, a pirate comedy by A. E. Thomas, and *The Ring of Truth*, a dramatization by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer, of Robert Browning's monumental poem, *The Ring and the Book*. Naturally, as occasion serves, he will repeat his already well-known performances of Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, Petruchio, Romeo and his noted part of Manson in Charles Rann Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*. And he will make at least two additions to his classic repertory, by performing, for the first time in thirty years or more, the famous part of Sir Giles Overreach in Philip Massinger's quaint old Elizabethan comedy, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and by recreating the title rôle of Shakespeare's *Othello*.

A NOBLE ACHIEVEMENT

OF these various undertakings, the production of *Othello* is, of course, the most important and is likely to be the most impressive. Though Walter Hampden has not yet exhibited this play in the metropolis, he has already rehearsed it for three years and has played it once or twice a week throughout his last two seasons on the road. It has been my good fortune to see him act the Moor of Venice in Los Angeles, in Hartford, and in Brooklyn; and, although the actor does not yet agree with me, I regard this performance as the finest and the noblest of his Shakespearean achievements. Mr. Hampden himself is not, at this moment, entirely satisfied with his Othello, because he has not yet played the part before an audience more than fifty or sixty times; whereas, of course, he has already played the part of Hamlet in this country more than four hundred times and no longer needs to worry very much about a repetition of it. But, in my opinion, his Othello is superior to his Hamlet. In physique, in voice, in the simple quality of his soul and the monumental quality of his personality, he seems to be perfectly suited to the Moor; whereas he is a little too tall for the perfect Hamlet and, in certain passages, perhaps a little too tempestuously powerful.

Contrary to the general opinion, Hamlet is, by far, the easiest of the major rôles in Shakespearean tragedy. Very few actors have absolutely failed as Hamlet; and innumerable actors, in this part, have seemed to rise above their ordinary statures. Though Walter Hampden's Hamlet has been hailed by a substantial majority of our accredited critics of Shakespearean acting as the finest that has been revealed on the English-speaking stage since the death of Edwin Booth, the part has been

excellently played by several other actors within the memory of the younger generation of theatregoers—notably by Forbes Robertson, by John Barrymore, and by E. H. Sothern (during his first two or three seasons in the rôle, though not, I regret to say, in recent years). But can



Goldberg

WALTER HAMPDEN

This distinguished actor-manager has taken a lease of the National Theatre, and will start a repertory season at that house early in October.

anyone imagine Mr. Sothern or Mr. Barrymore attempting the rôle of Othello? Forbes-Robertson *did* attempt it, to be sure, and revealed a laudable understanding of the character; but his physical limitations prevented him from incorporating this understanding in a satisfactory creation. King Lear, of course, is the most difficult of Shakespeare's tragic characters; but next to Lear come Othello and Macbeth. Walter Hampden's Macbeth is, to my mind, adequate and satisfactory; but, though I have seen it several times in several years, I have not yet been persuaded to regard it as a great creation. But his Othello seems to me so overwhelming that I already rank it with my hallowed memories of Mounet-Sully's Oedipus the King.

I had already seen Walter Hampden play the Moor in Los Angeles and in Hartford before I went over to Brooklyn, one evening in last December, to study his performance for a third time. In the lobby I encountered J. Ranken Towse, the veteran dramatic critic of the New York

Evening Post, who has been faithfully reviewing the theatre for half a century and who knows more about the traditions of Shakespearean acting than any three or four of us younger fellows put together. He told me that he had seen Salvini's Othello thirty or forty times, that it was the greatest performance he had ever seen or could ever hope to see on the stage, and he implied that his spirit was philosophically steeled against the expectation of an evening of disappointment. But, three hours later, when Mr. Towse walked out amid the spontaneous cheering of that non-professional transpontine audience, he said to me, "This man ranks with Salvini:—not so great, not quite so great, but incomparably the greatest of our time."

NOT AN ITALIAN CONCEPTION

I AM too young to have seen the Othello of Tommaso Salvini; but I am old enough to be no longer disrespectful of my elders, and I am therefore willing to accept their unanimous verdict that Salvini's Othello was an incomparably great achievement. But, on the other hand, I have been persuaded by my studies of the history of the theatre that Salvini produced his overwhelming effects by substituting his own Italian conception of the character for the original conception of the Anglo-Saxon poet-dramatist. By all accounts, the dominant note of Salvini's performance was an impetuous fierceness. In the later acts he unleashed himself as a tremendous savage, accumulating horrors upon horror's head. In my own time, I have seen this conception embodied very powerfully by Ermete Novelli, who played Othello as if he were a figure in some Sicilian peasant-tragedy—one of those hectic compositions in which the villain bites off the hero's ear. It is, of course, unfair to blame Salvini for the perversions of his followers, but it seems to be a fact that—partly, at least, in consequence of Salvini's prowess—a savage and almost bestial depiction of Othello has become traditional on the continent of Europe throughout the last thirty years.

From this aberration, Walter Hampden mercifully rescues us. Rooted and reared in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, he reassures us in our racial opinion that Othello is not, by any means, so black as he has oftentimes been painted. He gives us an Othello that is poetically in accord with Shakespeare's original conception. In Walter Hampden's acting-version of the text, the final curtain falls on Cassio's line, "For he was great of heart;" and this line serves to quintessentialize the message of the tragedy.

It has been commonly assumed that the central theme of *Othello* is jealousy; but it is nothing of the sort. The central theme of this greatest of all dramas is over-

(Continued on page 66)

Joe Cook—Comedian Extraordinary

Master of Burlesque, the "One Man Vaudeville Show" Is Today the Sensation of Broadway

By BLAND JOHANESON



"And the deuce of hearts is practically instantaneously produced."
(Drawing by Maxville)

THE "discovery" in the halls last season of Joe Cook, the humorist, was one of the real theatrical sensations of the decade. Here was a comedian truly extraordinary, a young man who sang no silly songs, told no witty stories, uttered no "wise-cracks" but who walked out on the stage and with the simple announcement "Good evening, customers, I am about to inflict upon you my satire on the vaudeville show" transported his disciples to the loftiest heights of Humor.

Through his "One Man Vaudeville Show" in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, this season, in satiric review pass the actor, the musician, the gymnast, the conjuror, the dancer, the artist, the poet, the scientist, the man in the street. There is sufficient sheer hokum in Cook's work to insure his "reaching" everybody, but some of his commentaries are so subtle their profundity is unfathomed by half his audience who laugh at him without understanding at what he himself is laughing.

Who is this fellow who has been pronounced by the New York *intelligentsia* "the funniest man in the world"? In the score of times I have seen him in vaudeville, I have heard the following theories advanced by wise ones in the audience:

that he was a circus clown, an unfrocked priest, a college man, an Elk's Club entertainer, a bar-room wit, a medicine-show barker, a Harvard graduate, a lunatic. Here is his story:

A BACKYARD DEBUT

THE destiny of Joe Cook is involved in so many ways with the spectacular career of The Great Lorenzo it is almost impossible to dissociate the two personalities. Cook's beginning was Lorenzo's end. And as though the two characters had melted gently together, achieving in their fusion a fuller expression of each, there is in Joe Cook today the winning boyishness, the sincerity, the mischief, the astute showmanship which were Lorenzo's at the height of his fame and power.

Hence, the story of the great Joe Cook must be, first of all, the story of The Great Lorenzo, which we will begin, fittingly, with his birth.

A Mrs. Cook, an indulgent mother of Evansville, Ind., heeding the importunities of her son, Joseph, permitted this young person in the company of one crony, hight Nip, to go to the fair. Nip himself has no clear recollection of the magicians who operated there, but floating down the main street beside him as he returned from this adventure, wearing the breeches of Joseph and containing the same peanuts and pink lemonade consumed by him in the course of the afternoon's diversion, was quite a new person, a youth marked by the gods as a gymnastic genius, a super-acrobat. In truth, none other than the great Lorenzo who answered his first call of destiny by a persistent demand for tights.

These impressive vestments arrived by mail order in due course, and as they were much too big, a series of pleats, cleverly manipulated by Mrs. Cook, adjusted the bulges at the inner side of the calves. White satin breeches and bolera completed this stunning regalia.

Little Nip (you know the vaudeville team Nip and Tuck, was taken into the venture. The Cook backyard was decorated with an arresting signboard "Plesure Park."

Arrayed in the tights, Lorenzo walked the slack-rope as an outdoor "free attraction." Then, the tights quickly passed to Nip, who did his trapeze stunts in them.

One night the local small-time vaudeville theatre held an amateur contest.

Shortly after this The Great Lorenzo vanished as suddenly and as mysteriously as he had come to Evansville.

At about that time a boy juggler and acrobat, Joe Cook, was appearing in small-time vaudeville and tent-shows. By inserting comedy bits into his work, he eventually emerged from the field of "dumb" acts, a full-fledged black-face comedian.

He gives me a pathetic account of the social handicap of burnt cork. He has a favorable position on the bill. He goes over big. And after the matinee, there through

the town strut the other actors, with the fairest buds of local society clinging to their arms in speechless adoration. Nary a one will give the black-face clown a tumble. He needs must repair to the tap-room, solacing himself with the society of beer-kegs. This damp and melancholy solitude persists for five long years. But one day in a little theatre in Iowa, telling the manager that he has run out of cork, he goes on and does his act without a make-up.

It happened that Ben Bernie was doing a single on the bill. As usual, this villain had a doting damsel in the audience. She was accompanied by a friend, who after the show expressed an interest in meeting the little fellow named Cook. Thus was Joe Cook divorced from his minstrel make-up and the bar-rooms saw him infrequently afterward.

THE TRUTH AT LAST

OFF-STAGE he is the same attractive, magnetic young madman you see in his "One Man Vaudeville Show." He converses fluently, colorfully and unguardedly even making to us, gentle reader, and to us alone, this sensational confession:

"I am a poet. If I were to tell you who I really am, you would certainly be surprised. Many, many years ago I was tossing off so much poetry that, believe it or not, as you like, I found myself running out of ideas. Imagine the fix I was in. The crowds clambering at my gates for more poetry. Women and children being crushed and jostled in the mobs. So I said to myself, 'Homer' (I was going under the name of Homer at that time) 'you must give the world its poetry.' And I just took myself in hand and dashed off a basket of poems. These my lackeys took out and threw to the crowds. Well, sir, the ungrateful knaves began publishing my work under their own names and, laugh and scoff though ye may, they made fortunes and got to be famous. They even started a school of New Poetry, modelled after my masterpiece, my 'Song to a Cloud', which goes:

"From a far-off conspicuous, unseen star,
"In the spaces of dormant wealth,
"Milady betokes the wondrous ode,
"While glancing to tales of stealth.
"In her gaze I ponder the wrath of it all,
"Sublime though it might would be.
"And methinks of the woodlands uncited in fall.
"But those thoughts gave great courage to me.
"So my steed as he rose and the sparks from his heels
"On the silence of midsummer's dream.
"Would by morning be known to the ears of the world,
"Nay, that and forever 'twould seem.
"But they lacked of the fibre, and passed by unsung.
"Though the trees and the springs were abloom,
"Yet in Black Brindle Bay, yes, oft till this day,
"Would that thought of a deep Dark maroon.

"So you see just the position I'm in. If the public will prefer such fellows as John Masefield, why should I, a man of my wealth, position and influence, go out of my way to imitate the four Hawaiians?"

Theatre Magazine Exposes the New York Critics

Caricatures by
Richard Lahey

No. 5



From the picture, BURNS MANTLE, the dramatic forecaster of the *Daily News*, might be taken for a victim of the scissors habit, but the suspicion is unjustified since he writes all his own stuff and good stuff it is. Mantle burns with a clear, intellectual flame like the incandescent fixtures which used to be advertised as "ideal for the home." The fact that he came from Chicago has been forgiven if not forgotten since he has become so acclimated to New York that he commutes and never goes near his office except to request a raise of salary.



CHARLES DARNTON, the beauty show expert of the *Evening World*, is not really as sour as he is painted here. Although occasionally acrid, this critic is unusually accurate and his blunt impatience with play or player is alleviated with a pretty wit. He may rail at *Bloomers*, and sum up *Adding Machines* as Molnar-minus, but he always beams benignly on a Winter Garden show, thereby proving that he is almost human in moments of relaxation.

London Applauds Civil War Hero

John Drinkwater's New Play "Robert E. Lee" Arouses British Audiences to Enthusiasm

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

(Special European Correspondent)

London, July 15, 1923.

IF one may judge things after a four weeks survey of the London theatres, the young playwrights of New York can more than hold their own with their British rivals.

Art is still largely at a discount here.

But, with the exception of Eugene O'Neill, who stands apart, there is no one, of mature age, just now writing plays in the United States quite in the same class as John Galsworthy and Pinero. Of the younger men they talk of in the Strand, none can compete with even so unequal an author as John Drinkwater. Of course, Drinkwater, though young, has passed the point at which one ranks as a "young" playwright. He has been accepted and applauded both in America and England. His *Mary Stuart*, when it really dealt with Mary, was a fine evocation—as notable a study of that unhappy Queen as has been known at any time upon the boards. His *Abraham Lincoln* had, before that, proved his ability to recreate a historic character. Poise, dignity, simplicity, were the literary merits of the two plays by which Americans now know him best. Drinkwater works, however, in what seems a narrow field. Or, rather, in a very special field, and in a way which, if persisted in, will soon reduce him from the importance of a dramatist to that of a chronicler.

ROBERT E. LEE

IN his *Robert E. Lee*, which William Harris will present in America this Fall, Mr. Drinkwater has done better than in his *Cromwell*, in that he has put drama before chronicling. But he has not yet proved his title to dramatic honors. His conception of the hero of the South is fairly true in its broad lines, though it will not satisfy everyone's ideal of Lee, the splendid soldier and inspiring General.

The verdict of the London press is, on the whole, favorable, although the *Telegraph* has this to say: "The play is concerned with the question that faced Lee when the Civil War began in America and his answer to it; with the personal gallantry and affection that he inspired in his followers, and, finally, with his reading of the effect of the struggle upon the future history of America. That the task he set himself has been carried out faithfully and satisfactorily will be generally acknowledged. That it has resulted in a well-knit and consistently gripping drama is a point, however, that may not be so readily conceded. Covering as it does a period of four years, the action is necessarily of a somewhat episodic nature, and rather takes the shape of a series of individual scenes illustrative of prominent events in Lee's career from the time he made the great

renunciation of the proffered leadership of the Northern army to the surrender of Richmond, which brought hostilities to a close."

The same paper gives this vivid description of the big scene in the play: "From the top of a high plateau Lee watches the course of events. Officers come and go, the ebb and flow of the battle is described in vivid terms, orders are hastily given, to

of the Southerners are, to be candid, more reminiscent of the Cavaliers than of Lee's followers. The plumed hats and the boots worn by the principals in the cast may be near enough to the real articles to content Londoners. But they would stir up smiles and laughter in New York. So would the unblushing British "accent" of the actors (headed by Felix Aylmer, who impersonates Lee). Needless to say, "Dixie" is sung "off" at frequent intervals in the "play." Mr. Drinkwater seems never to have heard that, besides "Dixie," there was a war song much in favor among Southerners which had some reference to a once well-loved blue flag.

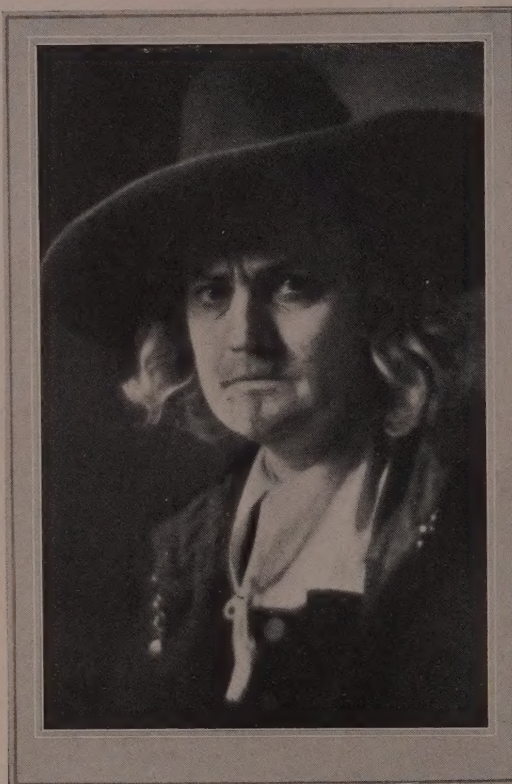
CROMWELL

CROMWELL, one might have thought, would have inspired Mr. Drinkwater almost as well as, if not better than, our Abraham Lincoln. But his *Oliver Cromwell*, if ever performed on Broadway, will not, I fear, give New Yorkers many thrills. It seemed to me a drab and tiresome narrative, stuffed with quotations (beautiful when they are biblical), but devoid of life and movement. At times it bored me almost to extinction. As one of the London critics said, "It may be literature." But, most assuredly, it is not honest drama.

Old Noll, and even young *Noll*, had in them the makings of a strong and striking character. On condition that their good and less good qualities were properly contrasted. John Drinkwater, however, has suppressed all hints of evil in his Cromwell. He has sanctified and glorified him shamelessly; and, in his effort to build up a model patriot, he has evolved—a prig. There are moments in the play when one suspects him of sheer cant and fraud. He is so pious that he quickly palls on one. He sings psalms upon the slightest provocation; and the sentiments he utters are most noble. But of the truculence and ruggedness and cunning which were as much parts of Cromwell as his doggedness, his audacity and will, there are few signs. They have been hidden up by a devout enthusiast. Poor Charles has, on the other hand, been vilified. Mr. Drinkwater seems blankly unaware that, though Charles may have been weak and vain and at times treacherous, he was affectionate and religious, while, at the very end, he was truly brave and royal.

The other persons in the play lack substance, and the craftsmanship of the chronicler is often childish. Little, or nothing, has been done in *Oliver Cromwell* to suggest the grim Whitehall tragedy which should and could have closed the chronicle. And the one "big" scene, (dealing with the final rupture between Charles and Cromwell), is as pathetically obvious as

(Continued on page 70)



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HENRY AINLEY AS OLIVER CROMWELL

in John Drinkwater's historical play of that name.

be followed up by fresh directions as new developments take place. A lad hurrying off with instructions receives a bullet in his heart and falls dead at Lee's feet. But this is no moment for sentimental regrets, and another takes his place. Stonewall Jackson is anxiously expected, and at last he staggers in, haggard, blood-stained, well-nigh exhausted. Nothing, however, can daunt his indomitable spirit, and only the stern commands of his chief prevent him from starting out to join in the fight again. In the centre stands Lee, impassive, unflinching, giving his orders as calmly and collectedly as if he were in his own drawing room, bidding his servants carry out his wishes."

With fine discretion, Mr. Drinkwater has avoided temptation to suggest the Southern speech or ways or styles. One darkey only is involved, for a brief moment, in the action. The North is represented by two minor characters. The costumes



The Laboratoire Des Hallucinations. The doctor, insanely jealous, is about to perform a sinister operation upon the brain of his wife's lover.

Scene in Sol Hyman's play *Le Brocanteur*. The old second-hand dealer is confronted at night with a venomous serpent which has been concealed in his shop.



A gruesome scene from *Les Crucifiés*, a play dealing with events during the reign of terror under the Irish Rebellion of 1848.

The Grand Guignol—A Theatre of Frightfulness

THE cult of horror! What Edgar Allan Poe achieved in the short story the Grand Guignol of Paris has transferred to the theatre. If the reader gets a thrill of terror by absorbing from the printed page the mysteries, the slow horrors, and the impending catastrophes which Poe so fantastically and brilliantly describes, how much more of a *frisson* will he get from witnessing similar events unrolling with terrible inevitability before his eyes. And the curtain at the Grand Guignol usually descends at the very climax of pity and terror. There is time to recover only after the spectacle has vanished and one is well into

an entr'acte or launched upon a succeeding comedy. For the Grand Guignol, mindful always of the good old principle of comic relief, alternates its thrills and smiles. A *belle horreur* is followed usually by a piece in the comic manner, often a farce.

An institution of thirty years' standing, coming now for the first time to America, the Paris Grand Guignol has adhered throughout to a program of absolute consistency. It was founded by Oscar Méténier; and his two successors, Max Maurey and Camille Choisy, have followed an unbroken line of precedent. For a number of years Choisy has been

(Continued on page 72)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

An impressive group, posed by Ben Ali Haggin, symbolizing the frenzied patriotism of the French *sans culottes* in the opening days of the social cataclysm of 1789.



THE ANIMATED CURTAIN

A gorgeous drop of gold leaf and color, with the draped figures of women in imitation of marble statuary poised against the background.



THE LIVING CHANDELIER

A glittering electric candelabra hung with myriads of crystals, the semi-nude figures of girls holding the supports of the shining clusters of lights.

Photos by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SCENES FROM "THE PASSING SHOW"

Spectacular and Colorful Features of the Summer Revue at the Winter Garden

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



Fashions of 1924

Forecast of the coming season. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ted Snyder. Produced by Fashions Productions, Inc., at the Lyceum Theatre on July 19. Principals:

Arnold Daly, Jimmy Hussey, Edith Taliaferro, Ina Hayward, Carlotta Monterey, Florence Morrison, Dinazarde, Helen La Vonne, John V. Lowe, De Jari, Alden Gay, Gene Delmont, Marie Nordstrom, George Richards, and Masters and Kraft.

STILL another Annual to add to the already lengthy list of gorgeously draped vaudeville shows which, masquerading under the name of Revues, have of late years become regular and popular features of Broadway's theatrical output. After the two brands of Follies, the Passing Shows, Music Box Revues, Scandals, Vanities comes *Fashions of 1924*, an attempt, to quote the program, to give an "authoritative forecast of the coming season by the foremost couturières and designers of America." The idea is a good one. Instead of looking back as do other Revues, this show looks ahead, presenting a rapid fire, futuristic sort of entertainment quite in tune with the feverish, push ahead spirit of the time. What'll be worn next year? Will any daughter of Eve miss a show that'll tell her that? Think of the potentialities! Every woman in the land fighting her way into the theatre to see rare sartorial beauty staged by Mallinson's silks, Cheney brocades, Boué Soeurs gowns, Whiting and Davis' mesh bags, etc., etc.—it's a whale of an idea!

Mr. Leftwich has still a few things to learn. Ziegfeld and Murray Anderson could both give him points when it comes to staging a beauty show. There are crude spots in his production and at least one positively repellant number, that titled *Night and an Imaginative Man*, in which an insane man sees things, all kinds of monstrous shapes dancing around amid green lights. That ought to be cut. It is unpleasant and silly. The finale at the end of Act I is somewhat tame, lacking mass grouping, light and color. But on the whole, it's a good show and, for a first attempt, a very creditable one. The parading of beautiful and shapely show girls in costly furs and Paris creations is made the chief feature, but there is plenty to entertain the male escort not so keenly interested in feminine furbelows. The sketches are clever and there is no end of good comedy, dancing and singing by a large cast which includes such favorites as Arnold Daly, Carlotta Monterey, Edith Taliaferro, to say nothing of Jimmy Hussey, who is a whole show in himself. His Jewish dialect songs, *Why Did I Buy Morris a Morris Chair?* and especially his burlesque on the inane *Yes, We Have No Bananas*, brought down the house.

We have seen summer Revues which exceed the *Fashions of 1924*, in lavishness, in size, in everything but the one thing which makes this particular production attractive—namely, an idea. Sometimes these rare things will creep into the mind of a producer of girly shows and give some *raison d'être* for the proceedings. *Fashions of 1924* had a sufficient

amount of talent to carry it, even minus the original idea. It is to be regretted that its career on Broadway was so brief.

Vanities of 1923

Spectacular Revue in two acts. Book by William Collier. Ballet by F. Renoff. Produced by Vanities' Producing Co., at the Earl Carroll Theatre on July 9, with these principals:

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Joe Cook, J. Frank Leslie, Dorothea Neville, Jimmy Duffy, Loretta Marks, Jack Patton, Charles Senna, Renova, Margaret Edwards, Charles Alexander, Al Thomas, Irene Richards, Bernard Granville.

SHOWS of this description are slavishly and stupidly imitative. The title changes, but the ingredients remain about the same—gowns and girls, with a popular comedian thrown in for good measure. A manager once got an idea. He'd round up the prettiest girls in the country, get them to wear as little as the law allows, procure the most elaborate scenery and gorgeous clothes money can buy, steal a few good comedy acts from the halls and call it a Revue. Vaudeville de luxe at \$5 per. The public grabbed at it. Drama! To h—ll with drama! What your weary business man wants is a show with pep, shapely, scantily clad girls, slap-stick comedy, sensuous music. First, please the eye, never mind the intelligence. Patrons of this class leave their intelligence at home—when they have any. They are out to enjoy a "show" and they prefer it spicy with plenty of undressed chicken.

In *Vanities of 1923*, the girls, so many gorgeous peacocks, do their little stunt decked out in the finest of feathers. Some have real beauty. All are nonchalant about displaying their fleshly charms. Not a few would have faced the audience as Eve before the fall had some of their glittering beads been shaken off during their gyrations. What if? Is a modern audience to be startled by such a trifle?

Peggy Joyce and Joe Cook are the high lights of this particular show. Miss Joyce slithers across the stage in a white and silver gown, shaking her shoulders and her pearls, while pink-cheeked chorus men frolic about her singing *Pretty Peggy*. She trails down a flight of marble stairs in a flowing chinchilla gown, she stands on a revolving wheel in a beautiful lace bridal costume, and enfolds her slender form in a vivid red evening cloak and smiles sweetly. As a gum-chewing hick behind me exclaimed: Some actress!

But it's Joe Cook the "one man vaudeville show" that sets 'em wild. He frolics his way through the whole program doing his various stunts, and there is unrestrained joy and not a dull moment while this king of fun-makers is on the stage.

The production is on a lavish scale and holds its own with the best. The *Finale of the Furs*, at the end of the first act, was unusually lovely and spectacular, beautiful girls displaying handsome fur cloaks in all the expensive pelts. The *Slave Mart*, another first act number was beautifully done.

Two Fellows and a Girl

Comedy in three acts by Vincent Lawrence, produced by George M. Cohan at the Vanderbilt Theatre on July 19, with the following cast:

Lea Ellery, Ruth Shepley; Thomas Ellery, her father, Jack Bennett; Jack Moorland, John Halliday; Jim Dale, Allan Dinehart; Johnson, George Smithfield; Doris Wadsworth, Claiborne Foster.

TO take four characters—two women and two men—with only the merest apology for a plot, and carry them through three fairly long acts, always making them amusing and at times touchingly effective, is a veritable *tour de force*. Mr. Lawrence deserves credit for having accomplished this difficult feat in his light comedy, *Two Fellows and a Girl*, even if he was aided and abetted by the unadvertised but none the less evident hand of that master craftsman, Mr. George M. Cohan.

Lea Ellery, an attractive young woman, is courted by two men, both desirable in their different ways, and both demanding that the time has come for the girl to make a final choice. Liking each equally well, Lea leaves the matter to chance, letting the toss of a coin decide. No sooner is this done, however, than she is plagued with doubts as to the wisdom of her selection, especially when she sees that one member of the swains is rendered miserable by this abrupt forcing of the issue.

Jim Dale, the disappointed suitor, relieves the situation, however, by going away. Five years elapse, during which time Lea and her husband, live contentedly and happily. At the end of this time they receive news that Jim has returned. With some difficulty each conceals a slight trepidation at the prospect of the meeting, both wondering what Jim's feelings for Lea may be. What might have resolved itself into a stereotyped situation of distrust is avoided by Jim's precipitate love affair with a sweet young flapper who is providentially thrust upon the scene, and also by the fact that Lea has suddenly come to the realization that she loves the man she married.

This trivial story is presented in a succession of amusing, intimate little scenes that strike effectively at the root of everyday experience, making no pretense at dramatic bombast or climactic situation. The dialogue is entertaining, and while not overly brilliant, succeeds in delineating its characters with a sure touch. But it is the expert stage craft used in parading this quiet little comedy that is the outstanding achievement of the production. Scenes which, under less skilful handling, would be forced and slightly sophomoric, are given the necessary finish and tempo to make them real. George M. Cohan's masterly direction is noticeable every moment.

Ruth Shepley plays the part of the wife with easy poise and charm. Allan Dinehart, a sympathetic and agreeable actor, makes the most of his emotional scenes as Jim. John Halliday, the husband, fits his rôle superbly, particularly in the scenes where jealousy creeps into the situation. Claiborne Foster as the flapper, Doris Wadsworth, is piquant, vivacious and true to type.

The Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORNETTE

XXIV.—MARGARET ANGLIN

AS I live, Margaret Anglin is enjoying a busman's holiday. Unusual for her to witness plays. As a rule, when her season ends, Miss Anglin retires to her country place at Mount Kisco where she approaches as nearly as she can, or the constables of Westchester County will allow, the primitive life. Here, as there, her devoted young husband, Howard Hull, with whom she made a moonlight inspired match while she was doing her Greek plays in California, is in close attendance. On their farm they live as far from folk as they can. Miss Anglin thinks she owes to herself the simple life in summer. She likes it. And she believes that, digging in the garden, and gathering eggs, are counter irritants for "trooping."

My nickname for Margaret Anglin is "My Lady Intrepidity." She is the Woman Unafraid. Since her barnstorming days, when she melted the ice in the lock of her trunk, by holding a burning match against the keyhole, she has not feared conditions. Nor managers. Nor critics. Nor yet the arrogant author. After playing one act of *The Great Divide*, in Chicago, she summoned its author, the late William Vaughan Moody, to her dressing room, and said: "We will sign a contract now on my terms or I will not finish the play." He signed.

She was not afraid to join fortunes with Henry Miller when he essayed managership on a capital of eleven hundred dollars. She was not afraid to take up her own management. She did not fear to present the Greek plays, *Medea*, *Electra* and *Iphigenia at Aulis*, in this country, but she insisted that they be played not by sunlight as the Greeks do, but with the softening aid of the moon or electric light. Greece proposed to invite her to present its plays on its own soil, but she said it must be done by moonlight or not be done. Greece, still proud, though fallen, is considering her ultimatum.

Last spring she proved herself not afraid even of the family doctor. She had slipped on the staircase which she descended in a dramatic moment of her last play, *The Woman in Bronze*. She fainted. The curtain was rung down. She recovered consciousness in a few minutes and resumed her rôle. With the aid of a friendly arm from this and that member of the cast, she got through the performance. She was carried to her home on a stretcher. The next day her physician ordered complete rest and the close of her season. It happened I was waiting in the drawing room to keep a luncheon appointment with her. I heard her laugh at the medico. Her laughter penetrated her bedroom door. It

reverberated through the large hall of the spacious, old-fashioned apartment in the east thirties. I saw the offended man of medicine beat a flushed retreat to the elevator. Miss Anglin kept her luncheon appointment with me, though we lunched from a tray at her bedside. She went to the theatre that night. She played the rest of the season at risk of permanent lameness. Risk means nothing to her. She had had her own way.

She always has her own way even to the point of presenting an indifferent play for three seasons. When she could not have her own way with Richard Mansfield she left his company. So has she left other managers of wills that clashed with her own.

XXV.—A. H. WOODS

THAT man who is lounging down the aisle is A. H. Woods. Yes, "Al" Woods, father of the bedroom farces, the "yellow journalist" of the stage. He is the man who had a continuous performance with the police in regard to his play, *The Demi Virgin*. "Arrested!" "Trial postponed." "Judge has reserved decision." Every morning for three months, those avid for scandal sought news from the headlines of the play with the salacious title.

Odd that the girl who played the title rôle is a Mormon maiden *sans reproche*. Hazel Dawn is of Ogden and the Latter Day Saints. She follows the laws of the Mormon Book of Wisdom, so doesn't even drink coffee.

The woman with Mr. Woods is Louise Beaudet, his wife. She was a leading woman, but has retired into domesticity and the operation of her own automobile. She is a hundred percent motorist. Even considered motoring from New York to San Francisco last summer. Although Mr. Woods produces the most salacious plays on the American stage, and is considered a menace by his brother managers, some of whom privately aided in the prosecution of the case of the *Demi Virgin*, as well as by the critics and the most fastidious part of the public, he is a model husband. While he gives the public full measure of salaciousness, according to his conception of what it wants, he flares nostrils of disgust at persons or classes of persons who practice the slight code of the boudoir dramas he presents. A famous actress told me she overheard him telephoning, in the next room at a hotel, to his wife, his anger and deep distaste at a leading woman who demanded that the man of her temporary and unlawful interest be her leading man. He surrendered, but under protest, and with avowed disapproval of such code of private life.



Mr. Woods, though he errs in taste, cannot be moved from his position that he knows what the public wants. He "knows the man of the street," he avows. On summer evenings you will see him, as Oscar Hammerstein did, sitting on a camp chair at the entrance of the office building on Little Broadway, West Forty-second Street. Sometimes one of his office force sits beside him on another camp chair. Or a passing acquaintance may drop into the seat. Often I have seen him sitting there alone, watching the crowd. Always watching the crowd. Listening to its chance, careless speech. Studying its phantasmagoric face. Wondering what it will like. Guessing. Not often guessing wrong, for he has had few failures.

If a play hovers about the borderline between failure and success he fosters its life. "I have five alleged Broadway successes," he once said, "and everyone of them is losing money for me."

Actors like to work for "Al" Woods. Because he has the reputation for appreciation of effort and for impulsive generosity. While the player folk say that "to play with David Belasco is to enter the actors' heaven," they admit that to play for A. H. Woods is to linger in the actorial paradise—a view markedly tempered since the much judged and much in court play, *The Demi Virgin*, led some of its cast into the hands of the police. The story told of Macy Harlan is quoted to prove that working for "Al" Woods has substantial advantages. The play was *The Yellow Ticket*. Mr. Harlan's rôle was that of a conscienceless police official.

Mr. Harlan received a note asking him to call at Mr. Woods' office. The manager saluted him with, "I suppose you think you have been making a hit in the play. Don't you?"

"Wh-why—what is really important is what you think about it, Mr. Woods," he stammered.

"I think your salary ought to be raised. Hereafter you will find fifty dollars more in your envelope every Saturday." The extra bill was there for the rest of a long season.

"You may go to jail for being in one of his companies but other than that you are treated like a human being," an actor said to me.



ESTHER HOWARD

Shows herself an extremely clever comedienne as the adventuress, Lucrezia La Roche in *Wildflower*. Miss Howard began her career under the tutelage of Grace George and was last seen in the *Sweetheart Shop*.



LESLIE HOWARD

An actor of charming personality, this young Englishman has again scored with his Hon. Willie Tatham in *Aren't We All?* Mr. Howard came to this country in 1919 and was last seen in *Just Suppose* and *The Truth About Blayds*.



JOHN WESTLEY

(Below) Who has played a variety of parts in the past sixteen years,—from *Twin Beds* to *Shakespeare*—but none so convincing and real as the character of the puritanical Henry Jordan, in *Icebound*.

MARION KERBY

(Below) Gives a new portrait to the gallery of theatrical characters in her *Nana*, the absinthe fiend in *Seventh Heaven*. Miss Kerby was a concert recitalist, discovered by James Forbes, and given her first stage lesson in *The Travelling Salesman*.



Goldberg

LUCILE LA VERNE

An accomplished actress of long experience who numbers among her successful Broadway appearances, *The Cinderella Man*, *Aphrodite*, *Come Seven*, *Goldfish*, *East of Suez*, Etc. She has lately won high praise with her widow Cagle in *Sun Up*.



SPOTLIGHT!

Players of the Past Month Who Have Given Performances of Unusual Distinction

In the picture at the right realism in stage setting is achieved by a careful elimination of detail. The straight upward lines and the infinite distance behind the wall, give a feeling of ocean beyond. The medium of suggestion is used. The audience unconsciously builds up the scene for itself. Setting from Alla Nazimova's last play, *Dagmar*.



Photos by Francis Bruguiere

(Below) The Georgian Colonial episode from *Jack and Jill*, at the Globe Theatre. Here realism is achieved by a direct reversal of the method used in the scene above. By the accumulation of details which go to form a complete visual conception, the self-conscious poise and affected ease of the Eighteenth Century are brought before us in a convincing manner.



A CONTRAST IN STAGE DECOR

Two Examples of the Work of Frederick W. Jones 3rd, a Young American Designer

How Jeanne Eagels Became "Sadie Thompson"

A Revelatory Interview with the Star of the Phenomenal Success, "Rain"

By ADA PATTERSON

AND, after all, bull fighting is quite a scientific sport."

Jeanne Eagels poised Sadie Thompson's rakish hat at a more rakish angle. This having been achieved with most meticulous care she looked at me with large dark eyes that suggested a lissome crouching creature of the jungle. She had told me she had first seen that raggedly plumed hat, battered yet flamboyant, symbolizing Sadie Thompson's audacity in the drama *Rain*, at one of the bull fights she had witnessed in Mexico.

"Girls of Sadie Thompson's kind went to the bull fights," she said. "I used to see them there. They always wore broad-brimmed hats with a tall feather that waved defiance. It always seemed to me to be waving defiance at all the world-created conventions."

Sadie Thompson was fully arrayed now, in her cheap, sleazy red skirt, her short lace coat, and above her waved the nearly perpendicular feather. She surveyed me still with that wide-eyed gaze that sometime might be disconcerting, but that reminded me again of a beautiful creature watching from jungle shades.

"Every one has seen or intends to see *Rain*," I said. "All who do, want to know more about the girl who plays the heroine. They are beginning to realize that they know nothing about her."

"My father used to tell me not to tell my life story," replied Miss Eagels. "He said people never told the truth about themselves. The temptation to romance is too great to be resisted."

EARLY STAGE BEGINNINGS

SHE returned to the mirror now and looked not at the gaudy raiment of the modern descendant of the daughters of Babylon, but into the twenty plus years that measured her life.

"My father was right," she said after a pause. "That temptation to romance stirs me now. But I will conquer it. In the first place I will give my right name. It is Jeanine. I am of crossed strains. My father was a Spaniard. My mother was from Dublin. They lived in Boston and I was born there. My father was an architect and not very successful. We moved to Kansas City. He designed some buildings there, but I don't know what they were. My earliest recollection is of quarreling with some children in our street who made fun of us because we used the broad a in 'bath' and in 'laugh'. My sister gave up the contest. She consented to flatten her a. I refused. I said I would not be bullied into using a sound that was not right. I loved combat. I love it now."

"My debut on the stage," she continued, "was with an amateur organization of children. I was the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, and just seven years old when I made that debut. From that time, with short intervals of schoolgoing, I played for eight

years. I played in a stock company in Kansas City; I played in repertoire companies in the Middle West; in tent shows. I played all kinds of parts—old women without teeth."

I interjected a query that sprang to the foreground of my mind. "Who cast a pretty girl for an old woman without teeth?"

Jeanne Eagels tossed the blonde head crowned with Sadie Thompson's bizarre hat.



JEANNE EAGELS

As Sadie Thompson, the outcast, in *Rain*.
[Caricature by Wynn.]

"My husband," she answered with a not pleasant smile. "But we will forget him. Marriage I have put behind me with other unsuccessful experiments."

Then flashed another impression of Jeanne Eagels. Something hard and shining and decisive. I had it. It was of a steel trap.

New York first glimpsed Jeanne Eagels as one of the chorus girls with Billie Burke in *The Mind the Paint Girl*, where she danced and sang and twinkled; so effectually twinkled that a veteran critic penned his impression that, "The girl with the red heels on her shoes has personality."

"He didn't know that the girl with the red heels had played Camille." The intent brown eyes nearly smiled. Not quite. Smiles were absent from this interview. I was face to face with an unusually earnest young woman. One with an uncommonly

firm facial foundation, a jaw that thrust forward and jutted sideways, index of an indomitable will. A fighting jaw. She had not misled me, nor herself, when she said she loved combat. The blonde hair sparkled beneath the electric light.

Came then in her story a battle with circumstances. Having attained the strategic point of Manhattan Island she besieged managers. She was engaged to play *The Outcast* when Elsie Ferguson no longer wished to play it. Back to the hinterland again, but in an impressive leading rôle with a substantial management. Lady Luck became her ally in the war for recognition. The company came back from the hinterland and played what we term "The subway circuit." A critic, whose eyes have since grown weary of playseeing and closed forever, chanced to see the play the second time. Rennold Wolf went from one manager's office to another proclaiming a discovery. "Go to see the girl who is playing *The Outcast*," he urged. "You'll never be sorry. She has a 'different' quality." One manager yielded, because of his many importunities. He paid a visit to the theatre in the suburbs, with the result that Miss Eagels was engaged to support George Arliss in *Disraeli* and in *Hamilton*. Followed her appearance in *A Young Man's Fancy* and in *A Wonderful Thing*.

PLAYS SADIE FROM LIFE

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, witnessing the play which he had prophesied might not be made from his published story; "*Miss Thompson*," exclaimed at the performance of Jeanne Eagels: "I wrote the story of the character from life and Miss Eagels has played it from life. Where did she get that voice and that laugh? She has convinced me there was a play in my story. No one else could convince me. Not even those who dramatized it."

At a visit from the author in the star dressing room the actress told him what she repeated to me. "Everybody has known a Sadie Thompson. It is hypocrisy to pretend not. I knew one and liked her. She was a chorus girl. She was in a company in which I played, and was, like Sadie, utterly unmoral. She died a year afterward in a hospital."

Miss Eagels wanted to play the rôle of Sadie when she had read "to the middle of the second act." The battle with the preacher engaged her interest, spoke the sweetest word in any vocabulary to her, the word "Opportunity."

"I studied her, as I do every rôle, from the foundation up," she said. "Some things we know but cannot put into words. I knew how Sadie Thompson would talk and act and reason. I knew that her voice must be hoarse, and harsh, as though she smoked too many cigarettes or drank too much whiskey. I studied her. It came to me that she was the best Christian of all

(Continued on page 68)

The Genesis of a Broadway Star

An Exposé of the Mechanics of Fame—or, Boosting Art with a Bank Roll

By CAROL BIRD

PIERPONT SCHUYLER was having his nails toyed with in the White Palace, the barber shop adjoining his hotel. The blonde little doll who was wielding the orange stick glanced up at him coyly. Then she spoke, with a charming, half-frightened catch in her voice: "Oh, Mr. Schuyler, Ramon, the head barber, told me you was a broker in Wall Street. You must clean up a lot of jack there! My old man was a kind o' broker, too. He jazzed around with oil stock, and grabbed off a bunch of kale, but it didn't last. Poor Dad! Those postoffice guys horned in and queered the game."

Mr. Schuyler looked annoyed. His manner grew frigid and haughty. But he soon relaxed. The girl was pretty. It was only her inability to differentiate. He touched her curls. "Don't bother your pretty little head over business. Let's talk about you." The blonde little doll blushed and gurgled:

RECOGNITION OF GENIUS

ALRIGHT, let's go! But, no kiddin', I think it must be the grasshopper's goloshes to be in Wall Street! I knew you was somebody of importance the minute I lamped you. I said to myself, I said: 'Lollie, this gentleman ain't of the common herd. There's something sort of unusual about him. He's a magnet or a millionaire, or an owner of a baseball team, or something big. And didn't I have you doped right, didn't I? But tell me something about New York. I've always been wild to get just one slant at Broadway!'

The blonde doll merely whispered the last word, and in an awed and reverential tone. Pierpont Schuyler was fascinated by her naiveté, her childish wonderment. The girl was a peach! A piquant little face, mass of brown curls covering her head. And her lips! All soft curves and crimson richness. Some lips! He concealed his flood of emotion, and asked calmly:

"Haven't you ever been to New York, my dear? How's that?" Then two starry, blue-grey eyes were raised to his face, and those alluring lips opened and poured out a rush of confidence.

"On the level, Mr. Schuyler, I've never been more than one hundred miles East of St. Louis. Gawd knows why I stick in this hick town! I've always wanted to go on the stage. I know I can act. And as for my looks—well, every one who comes to the White Palace raves about 'em, if I do say so myself. Once I was the Sultan's favorite in *The Harem Beauty*. It was given by the Employee's Benefit Association of Hergheim Brothers Department store. I used to be cashier there. Believe me, Mr. Schuyler, I was right there, big as life, buzzin' around old Pa

Sultan. I made the hit of the piece. Several managers was crazy to book me. But my old man started to make a killing with those oil stocks of his, and he said to me, he said: 'No, Lollie, my girl, while a lot of suckers is handing out good, cold cash for pretty colored certificates your Papa hands 'em, you stay right in the old home lot and help him spend it.' But the

moter, in New York. 'I've made a great discovery, Burgess,' he announced. 'Found a great little star. Beautiful, talented, clever. Can't you find something big?'

The agent shook his head. "Old stuff, Schuyler. The woods are full of 'em. The managers are wise. They won't fall any more."

Pierpont Schuyler's smile faded. "This little girl *must* be given her chance. What can I do?"

"Put her on yourself as a star. Why not?"

"What will it cost?"

The agent waved a careless hand! "Oh, a mere bagatelle—for you. Say, \$60,000—might be done for \$50,000. This modest sum includes big lights, big noise,—everything."

The millionaire wavered. Finally he capitulated.

"Here's \$60,000. Go ahead! But, understand, she's the star! Put her in a snappy musical comedy, with lots of pep, and with all the usual trimmings."

An hour later, Sid Protheroe, director, in answer to a phone call, arrived at Burgess' office. Hearing the glad tidings that \$60,000 was going to be his plaything he immediately became businesslike.

THE TRY-OUT

AND the bright star, Mr. Schuyler, who is she?" he asked. "What has she done before? What is her special stunt? Dancing, singing?"

Then it was that Mr. Schuyler thought it expedient to put his entire cards on the table.

"Fact is, old man, she's a find—a discovery. Never been on the stage. But say, she's a little Wiz! Glorious voice, lovely form, enchanting lips. What's more, she shows signs of great talent. She's out in my car now. I'll have her come up."

Lollie Schmitzborn, in a beautiful, slinky, trailing grey silk gown, grey strapped pumps, grey sheer hose, demure grey hat, wearing a gorgeous bunch of orchids, and carrying an insignificant Pom under one arm, stepped shyly into the office.

"Meet Miss Lollie Schmitzborn, gentlemen," said Mr. Schuyler. The director re-christened her, mentally, "Lolita Lester," and requested that she accompany him to the adjoining studio where he would give her a tryout to determine exactly what she could do.

"A tryout!" she exclaimed, looking reproachfully at Pierpont Schuyler. "Why I thought everything was arranged." She was reassured by Burgess and Protheroe. Not a chance in the world of letting that \$60,000 get away from them—talent or no talent!

Half an hour later they emerged from
(Continued on page 48)



"Put her name big in electric lights and don't forget that pink's her color."

(Drawing by Wynn)

roll got shot, and my poor old man passed out, and here am I, foolin' around with fingernails when I oughta' be pursuin' a career. Now when I could go, I ain't got the chance."

And Lollie Schmitzborn put her curly blonde head down on the glittering nails of Pierpont Schuyler's right hand and wept all the polish off. Pierpont Schuyler was deeply touched. He said, tenderly:

"You poor, little girl! There—there—don't cry. I agree with you. You certainly are wasting your time here. A little beauty like you should have anything her heart desires. You *are* going on the stage. And P. S. is going to put you there. When can you be ready to start for New York? By next Thursday? Good! In the meantime, you'll want to do some shopping. Here's a little gift, my dear. Remember, I'm financing this expedition."

Two weeks later Pierpont Schuyler entered, with buoyant step, the office of Tracy Burgess, theatrical agent and pro-



Kessler

THALIA ZANOU

One of the youngest and most talented members of the Capitol Ballet in a buoyant measure of the *Farandole*.

CATHERINE STONEHAM

(Below) The "Gold Girl of the Follies," whose poise and rhythmic grace waken to life the Golden Mercury in the Museum Ballet of the Ziegfeld Show.



Kelley

MIRIAM MILLER

An elfin daughter of the dance whose beauty has charmed Broadway in the *Music Box Revue*.



Victor Georg



Kessler

LOUISE RILEY

This soloist of the Morgan Dancers displays the nimble cunning of the great God Pan in *The Dance of the Faun*.



Victor Georg

AMELIA ALLEN

An up-to-date embodiment of the poetry of motion, as the Idol of Jade in the *Music Box Revue*.

YOUTH'S MAGIC IN THE DANCE

Graceful Disciples of Terpsichore Who Have Lent Enchantment to a Broadway Season

Charlot's "Revue Intime" Coming to New York

English Producer Discloses the Formula for His Famous Music Hall Productions

By B. F. WILSON

M. CHARLOT was having a tea-party at the Ritz. Lovely ladies in colorful summer finery floated about the room, and presiding at the table was the blonde-haired, attractive wife of the famous English producer. Next to me, Clifton Webb, the theatrical link-boy for both England and America, poised for a moment before taking flight to Westchester and Elsie Janis, for dinner.

We give this intimate little scene for the simple reason that M. Charlot declares that upon such depends the success of his productions. The delightful intimacy established between the audience and the performers by the skillful manipulation of M. Charlot has resulted in the establishment of a permanent form of entertainment in London, unlike anything else in the theatrical world.

M. Charlot sat opposite us at the tea-party, and unfolded, to the intense interest of all present, the specific factors which make up the famous *Charlot-Revue*, as popularity has long termed his entertainment.

NO SPECTACULAR FEATURES

HE gives an immediate impression, by his appearance, of cosmopolitanism. He looks and talks like a combined Englishman and Frenchman, and although there still lingers a faint trace of accent in his speech, the use of British colloquialisms stamps his present country upon him.

"There is all the difference in the world between my productions and the revues as they are given here in your country," he said. "I can best define this difference by comparing what you see here, and what I offer in London.

"First of all, the spectacular is entirely absent from my plays. They are small, intimate and absolutely connected. The book is always of equal importance with the music and the settings. By this I do not mean that I must necessarily have a legitimate plot, because I do not have one, but there must be a continuity of action, material, and thought throughout the production.

"I don't think this exists in most of the New York revues," he continued. "The book seems to be of slight importance, and I can only think that I am seeing a very excellent vaudeville performance when I attend the gorgeous and elaborate shows here." He smiled at a passing thought, and then quite suddenly demanded: "Do you know that the one thing I miss most in New York to-day is the delightful old music halls which used to exist in such abundance."

"I remember my first visit to America fourteen years ago. I was doing press work for a French theatrical concern, and came over here to get some material. The wonderful evenings I have spent in

those famous old places—Tony Pastor's old theatre on Fourteenth Street; Proctor's, on Twenty-third Street; Koster and Bial's, on Thirty-fourth Street, Oscar Hammerstein's Victoria, and many others which have now vanished. The only one left is Keith's Palace.

"What has happened to them is that your managers have taken the best material



Wauhl and Fox, Ltd.

ANDRE CHARLOT

Originator and Producer of the celebrated London *Revue*, a new species of Musical Comedy.

from their shows and have put them into revues. The *Follies* is only vaudeville clad in the most expensive costume to be had. Most of your other revues are the same. But, it is just the one thing that the American manager has overlooked in transferring the vaudeville performers from their old environment into new and gorgeous surroundings, that make my plays possible. I have retained and emphasized as intensely as I can, the old music hall intimacy which made the players and the audience one.

"This direct connection between the players and the spectators is established first of all by the smallness of my revues. The average number of people appearing in the performance is about thirty. Very seldom more than that—often less. Then, I avoid the spectacular. I never have ornate settings or scenic effects. While I endeavor to make them as artistic as possible, the result is one of simplicity, pleasing to the eye, but not startling enough to distract attention from the players."

He was interrupted at this point by Madame Charlot. She declared that some of the curtains, stage settings, and ensemble effects she had seen in New York were so extravagantly beautiful that they were the only memories she retained of the performance after leaving the theatre.

"My players have to fit themselves into the parts I give them," continued M. Charlot, "but I must admit that I place them with a different viewpoint than the American manager uses. Inasmuch as I never buy names, or engage celebrities for the sake of their popularity alone, I can quite safely admit that no single individual or two or three individuals, carry—as you say here—my productions."

"But you have famous artistes, André," said Mr. Webb hastily, "Some of them are as popular as any artistes in Europe, and as well-known," he added emphatically.

M. Charlot smiled. There was a distinct trace of satisfaction in that smile, as if he were about to admit something quite pleasant.

NO WAITS BETWEEN PRINCIPALS

OF course, I have. Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie are as popular as any two theatrical people in England. But just the same, they have been with me for years—I engaged them when they were practically unknown—took them from the provinces, and they have remained with me ever since. That is my method. I engage an artiste only after the part for him has been discovered in the book of the play. I have 'made' as many musical comedy stars as any individual producer—but I have never paid exorbitant sums for names or ability.

"My principals—this will show you how different I run my revues from the American ones—are all on the stage five minutes after the curtain arises. You have seen everyone in the show almost immediately after the first number has been sung. And, all during the play, these principals are on the stage almost all the time. There is no long wait between their appearances. I notice over here, that after a star has either sung a song—or danced for a few minutes—you wait until somewhere in the middle of the last act, when he or she will again be seen for another few moments. Every member of my company is on the stage for the entire performance. Some of them have to make a good many changes in costume—that is the only time they are off the scene. In my last revue, Gertrude Lawrence, who, by the way, will head the production I shall bring here in the Fall, made about thirty changes during the course of the evening.

"They all work like the very devil. I never permit the action to slow up and
(Continued on page 68)

At the age of 18.



(Below)
In "Mr. George"
1907



Beatrice Dupré, in *My Wife*.

In "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past,"



Jacqueline in "Love Watches."



In "Mrs. Dot"—1910.



In "A Marriage of Convenience"—1918.



Herself—1923.



As "Jerry"—1914.

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 12 BILLIE BURKE

Billie Burke (Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.) was born in Washington, D. C. Her father, William E. Burke, was a famous clown, and her mother, Blanche Burke, a prominent writer. While still a young girl, Miss Burke left the States with her parents and travelled throughout Europe, ending in London where she made her first appearance on the legitimate stage, May 9th, 1903. She played successfully for several years, her first leading part being in *The Belle of Mayfair*. In 1907 she returned to America and made her debut at the Empire Theatre as Beatrice Dupré in *My Wife*, with John Drew. There followed, *Love Watches*, *The Amazons*, *Jerry*, *A Marriage of Convenience*. In 1921 she was seen in *The Intimate Strangers* and *Rose Briar*.
(Motif by Lyman Brown)

Broadcasting for the Radio

The Impresario of the Air Has His Troubles in Entertaining the Ether Tappers

By WIRT W. BARNITZ

THE glamor of the unknown or the unseen has always held well-nigh irresistible appeal. In the theatre a mere glimpse "back stage" in some cramped corner is infinitely more interesting than a whole evening spent in the softly upholstered orchestra seat; and who would not swap his dress-suit for overalls and a stage-hand's job for at least one evening? The same holds good with the radio. Several million "listeners-in" nightly clap on receiving-phones, and, while eager ears drink in this novel sort of entertainment, more eager imaginations attempt to visualize what goes on behind the scenes.

To begin with, a broadcasting station is a most prosaic thing to look upon so far as its exterior is concerned. The majority are housed in the most commonplace of buildings, where one would least imagine them. Among the better known, one is in a garret, another in an out-of-the-way corner of a sky-scraper; while K D K A is tucked away in the heart of the Westinghouse plant in East Pittsburgh, and that venerable grandfather of them all, W J Z, lies concealed within the principal entrance of an old red-brick factory building in Newark, New Jersey, only a stone's-throw from the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad depot.

Most vividly do I remember my first visit there. It was a dull, dark and exceedingly murky afternoon in the Spring. I passed through the factory's unprepossessing portal and came nose to nose with the aquiline-visaged guardian of the gate, to whom I imparted the information that I was looking for a certain Mr. Popenoe, the radio program director.

IN THE BROADCASTING STUDIO

AFTER the regulation period of office incubation, which I have grown used to in my many calls upon those who control the destinies of popular amusement, I was at length presented to the Impresario of the Air. With a majestic sweep of the arm, he indicated that I should follow him. Passing across a broad corridor, he led me through two sets of double doors into a luxurious parlor, furnished with upholstered chairs and sofas and deep-napped rugs. The walls were hung with pictures of many of the world of song or letters who have broadcast.

As I turned around to take a chair, the heavy portières, which formed a side of the chamber, were drawn aside, disclosing the broadcasting studio. It is a room simply appointed, boasting only a grand-piano, a phonograph, two or three chairs, a table, an ornate chestlike arrangement, a part of the electrical apparatus used for amplification purposes, and the microphone, or transmitting instrument, which closely resembles a short piece of stove-pipe, with a circlet of felt around one end. Back of this glistens the metal diaphragm

that vibrates as the sound waves strike it and set up the series of electric impulses, which are carried to the top of the building, where they are shot, as countless myriads of electrons, through vacuum chambers and thence pass off through the antenna as etherial vibrations.

This microphone is suspended by two springs from the arm of a standard, which can be set at any height or angle desired, or wheeled about to any part of the studio. The broadcaster may sit, stand, or for that matter recline if the whim of the moment should so dictate; but the majority of this new and striking fraternity of entertainers prefer to stand as is their wont on either

singer would blur and be followed by an uncouth, hollow reverberation.

"That is what I like to call our magic-box," remarked the Impresario of the Air. "You see, by the mere pressing of a button, every sound in the room can be thrown over hundreds of thousands of square miles, and the listeners-in can be transported, as it were, on a magic-carpet to whatever sort of entertainment pleases them best. Our programs are still pretty much in the experimental stage. After a while, however, we hope to have almost everything on tap; but first we must recruit a staff of experts to assemble and coach talent to meet the requirements of the radio."

UNCLE WIGGILY AT WORK

NOW, at the back of the room, there is a rippling of the draperies. They part, and one of the announcers enters. He is a sort of stage director, and it is his business to "put on" the programs that the Impresario of the Air has laid out. He shuffles a sheaf of papers over the marble top of a small stand, presses a button, and again the curtains part. Uncle Wiggily, the idol of a multitude of children, steps in. In real life he is known as Howard K. Garis. He is plainly dressed; and, if the evening is hot, he is without his coat, and looks very much the part of an everyday uncle, papa or grandfather who might happen to sit down in his library at home and read and tell stories to the little ones. He, like Santa Claus, receives many letters of an exceedingly affectionate tone, and this collection of epistles Uncle Wiggily cherishes with all his heart.

Following him on the program is a lecturer of national reputation. Gravely, and in perfect platform poise, he strides across the studio, as if he were stepping out on the apron of a stage with a vast "sea of upturned faces" turned in his direction and scrutinizing not only his movements, but every stitch of his evening dress as well. With a sort of half bow, he takes his position before the microphone, and, instead of looking steadily at it, as you would suppose, he casts his eyes from side to side just as though he were allowing his gaze to sweep, in true, oratorical fashion, his audience. The announcer has warned him not to use his voice at full power, so consequently he speaks at a pitch considerably lower than would be necessary to reach the remoter corners of a theatre's auditorium, yet the remarkably powerful amplifying apparatus of the radio, together with the added momentum of a mighty dynamo, carries his voice over great reaches of territory.

Frequently the lecturer forgets that his audience cannot see him, and from time to time gesticulates with much earnestness. During one impassioned passage of his discourse, his arms and head together keep

(Continued on page 50)

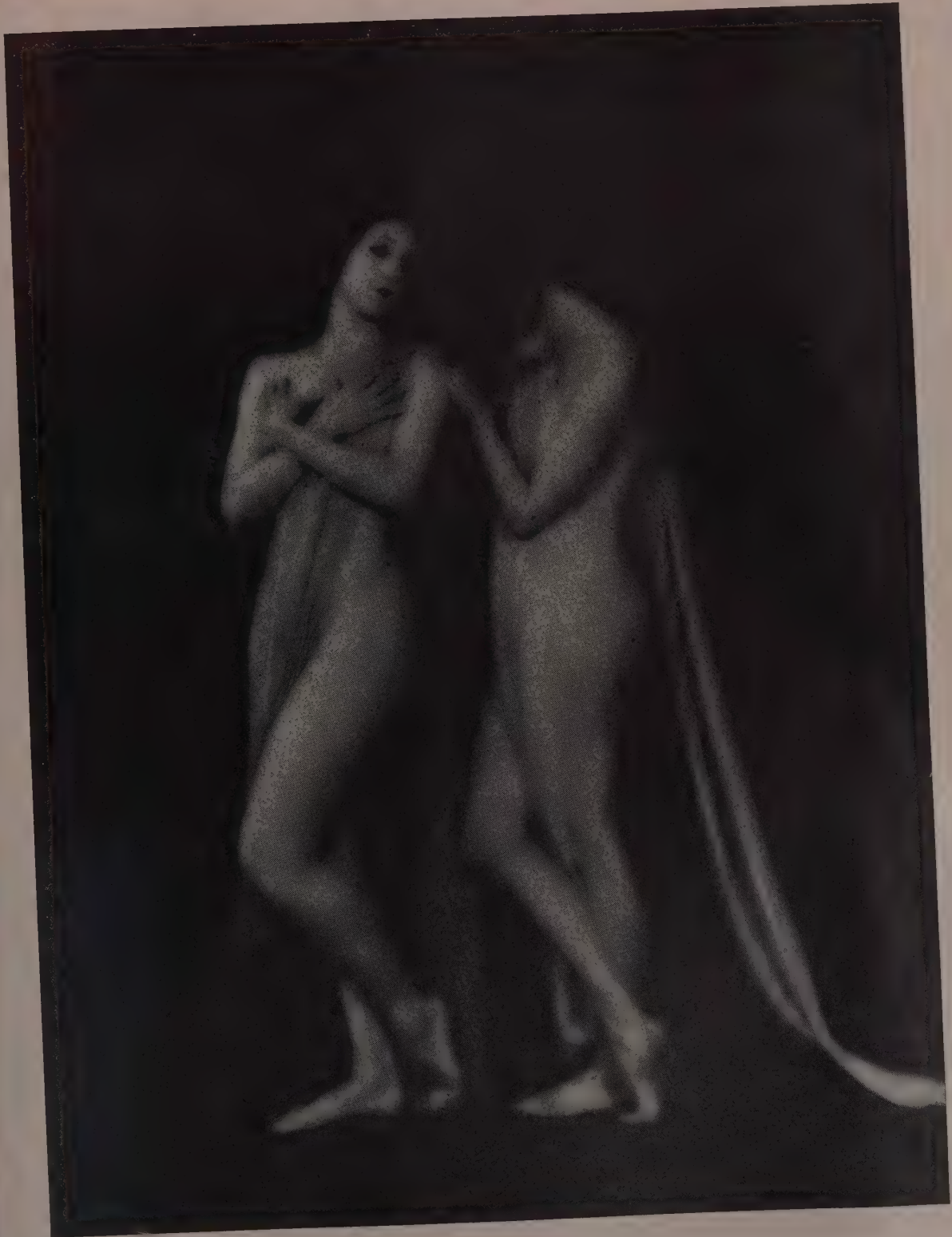


© Underwood and Underwood

She sings 100,000 children to sleep every night. Miss Elise Forster sending out her lullabies over the Westinghouse Electric Company's Radio, Chicago.

the platform or the stage. There is something magical about this little microphone, and as one stands before it, one is prone to regard it as a thing instinct with life and a soul and not at all a metallic, nerveless instrument. I have seen more than one artiste of the feminine gender fondle and even caress it until it was sadly in danger of being mussed up and put out of commission.

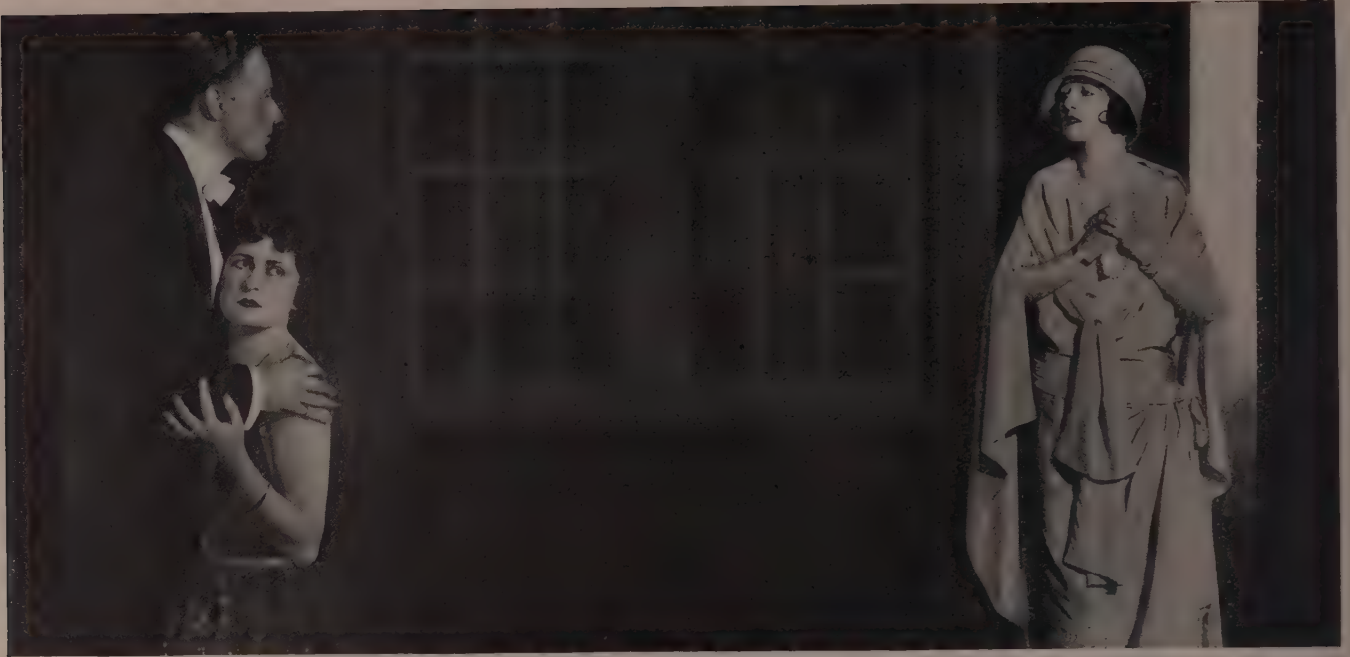
Dropping from the ceiling to the floor and encircling the apartment is a heavy drapery, which serves as an acoustic curtain. It is this that helps to smooth and polish, as it were, those sounds that are to be transmitted. Without it the tones of the piano would be sharp and rasping, those of an orchestra would echo into a mockery of music, and the voice of the



A STUDY IN THE CLASSIC
By Maurice Goldberg

Posed by Morgan Dancers

The Play That Is Talked About



MARGOT: "I should like to know who it is I have to thank for so admirably filling my place during my absence?"

Aren't We All?

A Comedy in Three Acts by Frederick Lonsdale

MR. FREDERICK LONSDALE has long been identified with the English stage as a librettist and writer of musical comedies, such as "The Maid of the Mountain," "Betty," "The Balkan Princess," and a light opera adaptation of Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire." In his present play, "Aren't We All?," he makes a successful departure with a straight comedy of light but diverting humor. The following excerpts are given by courtesy of Chas. Dillingham. Copyright Frederick Lonsdale. Condensation by Elisabeth Abbott.

THE CAST

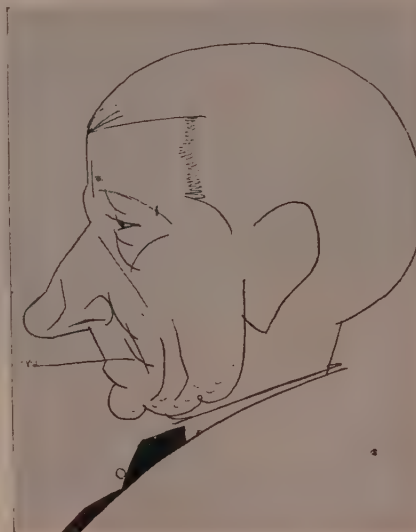
(As produced by Mr. Charles Dillingham at the Gaiety Theatre.)

Morton	George Tawde
Hon. Willie Tatham	Leslie Howard
Lady Frinton	Mabel Terry-Lewis
Arthur Wells	Denis Gurney
Martin Steele	Jack Whiting
Kitty Lake	Roberta Beatty
Lord Grenham	Cyril Maude
Margot Tatham	Alma Tell
Roberts	F. Gatenny Bell
Hon. Mrs. Ernest Lynton	Marguerite St. John
Rev. Ernest Lynton	Harry Ashford
John Willocks	Geoffrey Millar

A YOUNG wife, fleeing from a love affair in Egypt to the shelter of her young husband's arms, finds said husband in the arms of another woman—and the trouble begins! The husband's father, a gay, old philanderer, takes a hand in untangling the snarl—and succeeds in proving that a sense of humor and a spirit of tolerance are great assets in maintaining marital happiness. For "who is not capable of being tempted by some one or other? Aren't we all?"

ACT I. A room in Willie Tatham's house in Mayfair. The Honorable Willie has lent his house to Lady Mary Frinton, an old friend of the family, who is giving a dance this evening.

LADY FRINTON: I'm very worried about your father. By accident this afternoon, I met him with a young and overdressed young person.



FREDERICK LONSDALE

Author of *Aren't We All?* as caricatured by Hans Stengel. Courtesy of N. Y. Tribune.

He called a taxi, put her into it, and to my amazement said, "British Museum!"

WILLIE: Why the British Museum?

LADY FRINTON: Don't you realize he knows perfectly well only an air raid would drive his own class into it?

WILLIE: This must be stopped.

LADY FRINTON: It shall be. Unless he gives me his word of honor to reform within three months, I marry him to save his soul. Tell me, any news of Margot?

WILLIE: Not a word. I'm worried out of my life. I got no answer to my cable. I can't understand it.

LADY FRINTON: When did you hear from her last?

WILLIE: A fortnight ago. Exactly what I expected happened. The moment she arrived everybody begging her to sing for their cursed charities, the very thing she went away to avoid. Thank heaven, only another two months and she will be home again. I may tell you this house without her has been perfectly damnable. I hate it!

LADY FRINTON: I'm sure you do! Do you know it's wonderful the way you have settled down; you were a gay lad yourself once upon a time.

Miss Lake arrives and Lady Frinton carries

HELEN FORD

Whose voice and charming personality have been one of the chief reasons for the success of *Helen of Troy*, N. Y.



Monroe



Goldberg

QUEENIE SMITH

Who has scored a tremendous personal triumph with her graceful dancing in *Helen of Troy*, N. Y.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

A beauty of international reputation and a leading ingredient in the Earl Carroll *Vanities of 1923*.



Schwartz

VIVIENNE SEGAL

The vivacious young prima donna who puts pep and harmony into *Adrienne*.



White, N. Y.

EDITH DAY

The clever mimic and comedienne of *Wildflower*.



MARY HAY

Who comes to town shortly in a specially designed musical comedy, *Plain Jane*.



Albin

CONSTELLATIONS IN THE ORBIT OF MUSICAL COMEDY

Stars Who Are Twinkling in the Brightest Musical Revues of the Summer Season

her off to the ballroom just as Lord Grenham enters.

WILLIE: Hullo, father, how long have you been here?

LORD GRENHAM: Just arrived, my boy, just arrived! So you're giving a little dance, are you? Who's here? That pretty creature, Miss Lake, coming by any chance?

WILLIE: Yes! She's already here!

LORD GRENHAM: That's good! Damned attractive woman, that, Willie!

WILLIE: And a nice one.

LORD GRENHAM: Experience has taught me that's the last thing we find out in a woman. You get about with her a bit, don't you?

WILLIE: I meet her occasionally, if that's what you mean?

LORD GRENHAM: That's what I mean. I saw you lunchin' with her in her box at the Derby.

WILLIE: So were heaps of other people!

LORD GRENHAM: Numbers mean nothing to me, Willie! Many a woman has carried on a long conversation with me without opening her mouth when there have been twenty of us dining together.

WILLIE: I should very much like to know what you're suggesting?

LORD GRENHAM: Simply this. She is a devilish attractive woman, and you're a foolish fellow to see so much of her! Ever since the world began, when an attractive man and woman have the desire to meet, and do meet, when they have exhausted the weather, the latest book, racin', the opera, and all their friends' troubles, the man is left with only one thing to say—Goodbye, sweetheart, goodbye, or tell her she is the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

WILLIE: Nonsense! Nonsense!

LORD GRENHAM: Many a man who has said that is paying alimony today. I'm not saying a word against the dear creature. A woman of her attraction is bound to be—shall we say sought after, but I say frankly this is not the place to ask her.

WILLIE: Indeed! Where do you suggest I should ask her? The British Museum?

LORD GRENHAM (*innocently*): There 'are many more unhealthy places than the British Museum, Willie.

WILLIE: That's why you were there this afternoon, I suppose? One of the mummies was so depressed at seeing a man in your position with an overworked young shop girl, she wrote and told me so.

LORD GRENHAM: Mary Frinton told you!

WILLIE: How do you know?

LORD GRENHAM: The moment you said mummy! Let me tell you something about Mary Frinton. She's got her eye on me, Willie, and she's a very determined old lady, and they are a damn sight more difficult to get rid of than the young ones.

WILLIE: I think we can leave Miss Lake alone, don't you?

LORD GRENHAM: Just as you like, my boy. Tell me, any news of our darling Margot?

WILLIE: Not a line! Not a syllable!

LORD GRENHAM: Worrying, I'm sorry for you! She's all right in her last letter?

WILLIE: Perfectly. Here it is.

LORD GRENHAM: (*Reading and chuckling*) She seems to be enjoying herself. Who's this young man she refers to several times?

WILLIE: I don't know, some fellow she's with. She refers to you at the end.

LORD GRENHAM: Me? Oh! (*Reading*) "As

I sit here thinking of your father, I could scream with fear that there may be something in heredity!" Bless her heart, I don't blame her! Well, I'm goin' to have a look at the little pretties. I say, I like these jazz dances. It doesn't matter a damn whether you can or whether you can't!

KITTY LAKE enters from ballroom. She is delighted to find Willie alone.

KITTY LAKE: Oh! I forgot to tell you, I rang you up this morning but you weren't in. I was dining alone and I thought if you were, you might like to dine with me.

WILLIE: I wish I had known. I dined at the club alone.



Lady Frinton applies her feminine wiles to the conquest of Lord Grenham.

KITTY: What a dreadful thing to think of, two people dining alone! My dear, I feel so dreadfully tired! Truly, do I look terribly haggard?

WILLIE: You look very, very pretty.

KITTY: That helps me through tomorrow, doesn't it? (*They look at each other*) Is that your wife's picture? But how perfectly divine!

WILLIE: You think her pretty?

KITTY: Pretty? I think her too charming.

WILLIE: So do I. I often wonder why she married me.

KITTY: Ridiculous, you know you are most attractive. (*She looks at the music on the piano*) "I Love the Moon."

WILLIE: Yes. My wife's favorite song. (*Kitty sings first verse of "I Love the Moon."*)

WILLIE: You know, you're most attractive.

KITTY: How thrilling. Particularly as I had no idea you thought I was.

WILLIE: You must be told it every day.

KITTY: But I so seldom want to hear it. But you said it rather charmingly.

WILLIE: Because it's true. (*Kitty sings the second verse*)

WILLIE: How enchanting!

KITTY: Are you enchanted? May I have a light from your cigarette? (*As their two faces come together Kitty drops her cigarette and they kiss passionately. At that moment the door opens and Margot enters.*)

WILLIE: Margot—Margot!

MARGOT: Won't you introduce me?

WILLIE: Er—er—

MARGOT: I should like to know who it is I have to thank for so admirably filling my place during my absence.

WILLIE: Margot! (*Pause*) This is Miss Lake.

MARGOT: Willie, in his delight at seeing me again, has entirely forgotten to tell you who I am. I am his wife.

KITTY: I know.

MARGOT: You knew! You knew he had a wife, but how interesting!

WILLIE: Margot, you must let me explain to you.

MARGOT: But you did, most lucidly as I entered the room.

WILLIE: I admit appearances are against me, but that kiss you saw meant nothing at all.

MARGOT: I suppose it was merely your way of explaining to Miss Lake how very much you had missed me, and how glad you would be when I came home again—

WILLIE: No, no, but—

MARGOT: I am the person who is entirely to blame. I ought to have knocked at my own door, before I came into my own room. I ask Miss Lake's forgiveness.

KITTY: You're entitled to say what you like, of course. As a matter of fact, I envy you. I would give anything to be in a similar position myself. But, as a woman you know it had nothing to do with him. I'm going to be quite frank with you. I intended it. I like him, and I didn't know you, and quite honestly you never entered my mind.

MARGOT: How very interesting! And, having listened to your curious explanation, you mustn't let me detain you any longer.

KITTY: You must a moment longer; it isn't quite finished. To your husband I only appeared as attractive women do to most men—nothing else.

MARGOT: Is that so, Willie?

KITTY: That's not fair. You might have waited until I had gone to ask him that question.

MARGOT: I prefer to ask him while you are here! Won't you answer my question? Well?

WILLIE: I—I—will tell you everything later.

MARGOT: This is your only opportunity. I mean it! Do you understand, Willie?

WILLIE: I'm sorry. I can't now.

THEY are interrupted by some of the guests. Arthur Wells takes Kitty off to dance. When they are alone Margot starts to her room.

WILLIE: Margot! I can't let you go like this; you must listen to me. I tell you that kiss meant nothing to me.

MARGOT: Then I deplore your intelligence when you wish it to mean nothing to me. It's meant everything to me. Do you understand, you've crushed every single hope of happiness out of me? That you could have dared ask this woman to this house, and then dared to protect her against me.

WILLIE: I couldn't do otherwise, but I give you my word of honor, she means nothing to me. I would give everything I possess in the world for this not to have happened. Won't you believe me?

MARGOT: Believe you? I came back because I loved you so much I couldn't stay another minute from you. All the way over on the

(Continued on page 52)

EDDIE LEONARD

A product of the old-time minstrels, and for many years a vaudeville headliner, is noted for his soft shoe dancing, the perfect fit of his satin clothes, and his "Wah Wah" singing.



EDDIE CANTOR

Now appearing in the Ziegfeld Follies, left the choir of a Jewish Synagogue to go into vaudeville, where he was discovered by Mr. Ziegfeld and engaged for the 1917, 1918, 1919, and the present edition, of the latter's famous Revues.

(Right)

JAMES BARTON

The star of *Dew Drop Inn* is a burlesque recruit whose eccentric dancing and pantomime brought his name into electric lights three seasons ago in *The Passing Show* of 1921. Since then he has gyrated through such elaborate productions as *The Last Waltz* and *The Rose of Stamboul*.



FRANK TINNEY

(Below) Whose "ad lib" humor started a comedy epidemic, and who plays every known variety of musical instrument, began his career in amateur minstrels. He has recently supplied the laughs for *Watch Your Step*, *Sometime*, *Tickle Me*, and *Daffodil*.



AL JOLSON

Who can "put over" any song ever written, started in the circus and vaudeville, graduating into big company in 1911 at the Winter Garden, N. Y. Since then he has been the particular, glistening star of *Sinbad*, *Robinson Crusoe, Jr.*, and *Bombo*.



Atwell

White, N. Y.

THE BLACK FACE HALL OF FAME

The Last of an Almost Extinct Species of American Comedian

C · I · N · E · M · A

Drawbacks of Being a Critic—The Costume-Play Epidemic—Why "Human Wreckage"?—News Brevities

Conducted By QUINN MARTIN

ONE of the drawbacks about being a critic is that you meet a lot of good scouts from time to time and then sooner or later it becomes necessary to broadcast an opinion about what poor actors they are. It is getting to the point where each time I am introduced to a player who promises to make a good impression upon me, I feel impelled to say to him: "I'm happy to meet you, but I'll have to pan you some day."

Bert Lytell is one of the gentlemen of the silver screen who put himself over with me the first time I ever saw him in real life. Jack Meador, the Metro man, introduced us, and without the slightest hesitation, Mr. Lytell drew a large cigar from his pocket and handed it over. His first words were to the effect that he read with great interest the things I had to say about pictures. I knew at once that here was an actor with good judgment and an unselfish disposition.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU"

BUT even these good points cannot overshadow the belief that Mr. Lytell plays a miserably poor King Rupert and Rupert Rassendyll in *Rupert of Hentzau*. There are various reasons why he ought never to have been put into the dual part. One of these is the fact that Mr. Lytell doesn't look like a Ruritanian king and he doesn't look like an English youth. He doesn't even seem able to make himself up or to act in the least like either of these two. And furthermore in acting the part, which brings out the English youth impersonating the king for the queen's sake, Mr. Lytell does not present an impersonation at all. He goes farther than that. He makes the Ruritanian king and the English youth identical.

Mr. Lytell's duelling scene against the villain Rupert is one of the funniest things of the season. He swings a sword after the fashion of a large woman chasing flies through the windows with a newspaper. He appears to be intent upon slicing down his man in thin layers. How he ever got into position for sticking Lew Cody I shall never know. It was not his style, at all.

MR. CODY'S FINE PERFORMANCE

AND now that Mr. Cody's name is mentioned, it seems necessary to include the opinion that his performance as the charming villain in *Rupert of Hentzau* is one of the most attractive things screened

in months. In the old days when gold braid villains were rather a novelty, it was not so difficult to act one of these parts with distinction. Now, with a European-bred man on the Broadway screen at least twice a month, a man who makes a hit of it ought to be respected. Lew Cody is a 100 percent Rupert. He is now added to my list of worth whites.

This picture play by the Selznicks is big and colorful and gorgeously costumed. The

time, yet I imagine this photoplay will make heaps of money.

"MERRY-GO-ROUND"

THIS is another picture play with size as its big asset, possessing a cast in uniforms and gold braid, and bringing to a principal rôle Miss Mary Philbin, who is pretty and who acts fairly well. Norman Kerry acts the part of an Austrian count, and is seen taking breakfast while in his

bath. It is all very glamorous stuff, and the story it tells is entertaining some of the time. At other times it seems the director has gone far out of bounds in order to keep the cinema going.

The story has to do largely with the love affair of the count with an attractive young woman whose job is that of organ grinder on a Vienna amusement park merry-go-round. The fine lady who is already engaged to marry the count takes a hand, and the plot grows thicker by the minute. The Universal company has photographed some marvelously beautiful exterior scenes, and there is quite a lot of life in its carnival views. The picture stayed two weeks in the Riesenfeld theatres, Rivoli and Rialto, and it will, I think, be accepted with much ado in outlying towns and cities. As motion pictures go this year, it is good enough. And it is very, very big.

"SUCCESS"

IF it had not been for the charm of Mary Astor's eyes, nose, chin and hair, *Success* would not have been very true to its name for me. As it stands, it is all right, and for my own part I would advise anyone who gets a chance to see Miss Astor in any picture at any time to go and do it. It happens that she is always pretty enough to be worth the price of admittance, and furthermore she will be a real star some day and you will be able to sit back and say you saw her when few of the picture people realized what a delightful actress she was.

The picture seems, as one reviewer put it, to have a serious moral purpose. It deals with an actor who takes to drink and then goes off somewhere out of sight, returning several years later to step unexpectedly into *King Lear* and make a success of it.

Brandon Tynan plays the stage hero, and Naomi Childers is his wife. She weeps with a fine tempo. And the picture has several striking background scenes.



Photo Jacques

EDNA PURVIANCE

Long associated with Charlie Chaplin in slap-stick comedy, this personable and talented screen artist will essay her first serious rôle in the filmplay *Public Opinion*, under personal direction of the famous comedian.

fact is that many of the principals, including Bryant Washburn, Hobart Bosworth and Mitchel Lewis, wear their uniforms quite self consciously. At times it reminds one of watching a group of high school seniors at the banquet in evening dress. Still, there is some good acting, and Elaine Hammerstein, another one of my favorites, is sweet faced and superbly gowned.

Certain settings look as if they were put up over night, and there is a flash of cheapness in the production from time to



Photo by Albin

THE COVENANTER

Richard Barthelmess as Von Kerstenbrock, in His Latest Film Play, "The Fighting Blade"

THERE are occasionally cinema plays which are so meaningless and fluffy that they seem worth while. This is one. Jesse L. Lasky went in for summer stuff and he got it. It is about a captivating young miss (played by Eileen Percy) who is engaged to a number of young hair oilers and is also in a nice predicament trying to figure out just how she will determine which to marry.

There is an airplane ride to a secluded island, and here Theodore Kosloff looms up as the winner. I never have been able to discover why Mr. Kosloff is cast in rôles designed for reflecting romantic youth, but then there are a lot of things about the motion picture business that I never have been able to figure out.

At any rate, *Children of Jazz* is feathery and light-hearted and generally light-headed. It will keep you interested in its handsome interior and exterior scenes throughout its run, and no harm done. It is a relief to find something now and then in celluloid that hasn't a lesson to teach. We get enough of moralizing these days—even though we need it.

"PENROD AND SAM"

THE truth of the matter is that I have had so many protests against my original review of Mr. Booth Tarkington's picture play that I have decided it may be a perfectly good one. I can only repeat here that for my own part it was not only not Tarkington's *Penrod and Sam* in spirit and in atmosphere, but that it was a rather wishy-washy boy story with quite a lot of "movie" treatment to round it off.

I did not think much of it. But that has nothing to do with what a lot of other persons thought. I have had more letters disagreeing with me about *Penrod and Sam* than I have had about any other single picture this year. So I may be wrong. But I prefer to remain wrong just the same, even if I really am. Which I don't think is the case.

THERE is not the faintest doubt in my mind that Mrs. Wallace Reid went about making a photoplay based upon the horror of the drug traffic with a sincere motive. She had felt the pangs of the dope ring, and she felt she must do something to offset its race against youth in this country. Of course, she believed also that she would earn money with the picture. We do not criticize the motives of production but the production as such.

The picture itself is not good entertainment, and I doubt if it will do any good. It contains a performance by James Kirkwood which is high class in every way, if we can concede that a characterization of a dope fiend can be considered high class, under any circumstances. The work of Mrs. Reid is good enough, although her part is only secondary in importance, so far as drama is concerned. Her principal function is to appear as the widow of a handsome boy who died in his fight against the drug. Her appearance is the photoplay's principal attracting power. The company which produced the film placed

would be glad to contribute an admittance fee toward his widow's project.

In *Human Wreckage* there are numerous views of drug addicts from early stages of the affliction throughout its stages to the finish where they lie suffering on hospital cots in the delirium of its awful effects. The story has to do with a wealthy attorney who finds himself in the grip of brain fag while defending a young dope fiend in court. The attorney accepts a dose of dope for the purpose of calming himself, and he is caught in its net. Then follows the labors of his wife (Mrs. Reid) in her attempt to rid him of its hold.

George Hackathorne, a talented young man in pictures, plays the part of the victimized youth, and he does extremely fine work, with the provision again that any such part can be entertaining in pictures. It seemed to me that this was merely selling ghastly views of one of the most horrifying things which can come to the human body, and I doubted after seeing the picture the first time whether it would ever be accepted by the public at large as entertainment. I went back again to try to get something more out of it, because I sympathized with Wallace Reid's widow, and I wanted to help her.

A motion picture based on the dope traffic is a ticklish and difficult thing to attempt. Here it has been done without any covering up of the awful details, and it seems to me it is revolting and in bad taste.

Perhaps I was prejudiced against the picture on the opening night by the bad judgment used in the presentation. On the stage before the film was shown there was a prologue titled *The Ballet of the Addicts* in which a number of lumbering young women (in real life) tramped heavily over the boards under green lights, making frightful faces and twisting themselves almost out of their

garments. This was the movie man's idea of a snappy exhibition.



LILLIAN GISH, HENRY KING, director, and the oldest actress in Italy, in friendly confab at White Sister Convent, Rome, where Miss Gish made her latest picture.

her in it because it knew there were thousands of Wallace Reid's followers who

SILVER SCREEN BREVITIES

THE fine performances which George Arliss has given in pictures heretofore make his forthcoming appearance in the film version of *The Green Goddess* of unusual importance. Mr. Arliss is one screen actor who carries art into the studio. He is as thorough in his dramatic ability as a film actor as he is on the stage. He is to be assisted by Alice Joyce, an old favorite who will be welcomed back to the screen by a host of admirers.

* * *

It is an interesting set of twenty-nine picture plays which the Associated First

National Company will exhibit within the next few months. Among them are *Black Oxen*, one of the most widely read novels of recent months; *Ponjola*, Cynthia Stockley's story; *Anna Christie*, *Secrets*, in which Norma Talmadge will star, and *Dust of Desire*, also with Miss Talmadge.

* * *

The Hunchback of Notre Dame, with Lon Chaney in the title rôle, is to be made on a large scale in the Universal studios—as large a scale, I understand, as was *The Merry-Go-Round*. This picture play ought

to be good. Mr. Chaney is especially effective in this type of work.

* * *

Oscar Apfel, directing Viola Dana in her latest Metro picture, *The Social Code*, found a novel way of picking a jury of serious-looking men.

He told each of them in turn his favorite humorous story. If they refrained from smiling they would do.

Not one smiled.

Now Mr. Apfel is wondering whether the men are really good or whether something is wrong with his humorous story.

REX
INGRAM,
planning a bit
of "mob ac-
tion" for his
forthcoming
production of
Rafael Saba-
tini's *Scaramouche*.



© Kessler
IVOR NOVELLO, late of *The White Rose*, who will be starred shortly by D. W. Griffith.



ALICE JOYCE, returns to the movies in support of George Arliss in *The Green Goddess*.



BARBARA LA MARR, one of the screen's beautiful women, now in Italy for the filming of *The Eternal City*.

Jackie and Ma Coogan look over the bank balance. Mr. Coogan Jr. has just completed his first picture. *Long Live The King*, under the \$500,000 contract with Metro.

MR. CHAPLIN meets MR. and MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON, whose picture, *Trailing African Wild Animals*, created a sensation. Charlie would like to go with them next year—if the animals get a little tamer.



SIDELIGHTS FROM THE SILVER SCREEN

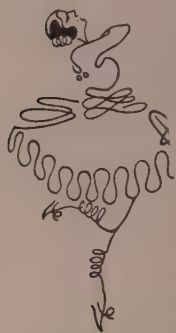
Old and New Favorites in Their Latest Ventures in Film Land

V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

Miss Barrymore "Arrives"—"The Cherry Tree"—A New Personality—Arthur Ashley Proves His Case?

Conducted By BLAND JOHANESON

IT takes a master optimist to negotiate in midsummer Mah-Jong, French women or vaudeville. And, of the three pursuits in the Realm of the Higher Diversions, the latter is the least inspiring, a carnival of dreary wit and torpid sprightliness. The eastern houses are full of "showing" new acts which range in varying degrees of incompetence from raw timidity to raw assurance, and the western houses are full of tired and indifferent Metropolitan successes.



The Singer's Midgets offer a giddy revue to the great glee of a handful of intellectual dwarfs; Vincent Lopez disinters a 1914 one-step sensation titled *Raggin' the Scales*; the queen of the American stage, herself, as the super-typist writing letters with no paper in the carriage of her machine in Barrie's *The Twelve Pound Look*, goes through all her familiar Ethel Barrymore tricks as conscientiously as Julia Powers, the girlish elephant, dances her fiery tango.

Miss Barrymore relishes Mayfair comedy and is at her best in it. Given a "dook," a teacup and a scene *intime* enough to warrant the lady's removing her hat and poking at her front hair, Miss Barrymore can make a drama, with all the mortal and venial sins, the human passions and spiritual ecstasies prancing like a Tiller chorus in the background.

Practically everyone has seen her in this delightful playlet of the wise wife who preferred poverty and typewriting to being bored by a smug husband and his complacent friends, and everyone who has, will enjoy seeing her again, for she is lovely in it, triumphant without arrogance, sympathetic without patronage, so beautiful and so charming and so completely unlike the London typists who reek unpleasantly of lavender soap and fried bloaters.

She is not only Kate in *The Twelve Pound Look*, she is Ethel Barrymore in Vaudeville—a personality far more winning than any British typist possibly could be—as Kiki says, "Ask the Prince of Wales."

BEFORE leaving court circles, Harry Green, the Hebrew comedian who shook up the cocktails at the Princess's wedding, has come back to his native vaudeville in an Aaron Hoffman sketch, *The Cherry Tree*, which is shamefully unworthy of him. It is just such a playlet as one would expect of the composer of dialect monologues, resurrecting such mouldy laughs as the weekly bath joke which passed long ago with the shocking

ablutational unfacilities of rural North Carolina.

The drama introduces a zealous Truth-teller to the social advantage of discreet lying, by giving him an opportunity to tell the truth about his employer's wife, or a lie which will save her home and honor. Only the simple mid-Victorians excused a congenital predilection for falsehood on such grounds of nobility, gentlemanliness, "doing the right thing."

Lying is taken for granted as any other fine art, and connoisseurs of it derive from the telling or detecting of a graceful lie, a sheer, exquisite pleasure. As for the, "By the Gods, I'll perjure me soul to save me sister's honor" era of heroism, such conduct is no longer interesting or surprising. No sport will tell the truth about any one, be it woman or defenseless man. The thing to do is to say nothing and look knowing (among duller perceptions, to wink).

Mr. Green could not have spent five years in the West End without learning this. He strikes me as a chap who knows it, but who permits George Washington Cohen, the low-comedy Jewish character in *The Cherry Tree*, to absorb his talents because, of the entire funny Cohen family, George Washington alone, by his mistaken notions of nobility, was barred from the heavenly pastures of vulgar foolishness wherein sport his brethren on the Columbia and Mutual Burlesque Wheels.

For a Hebrew comedian, give me the frank fellows who flourish on Fourteenth Street, Ike or Moe who follows the big blonde into the telephone booth from which neither of them ever emerges.



THE newest of the coon-shouting damozels is a cute person, yclept Florence Brady, who has an ingratiating charm and a face like the map of Ireland. If she kneels no longer at the feet of such vaudeville demi-goddesses as Ruth Royce, in whose camps she undoubtedly has adopted her methods, she still can save her interesting little individuality. "Louisville Lou" and her sisterhood who "Got to See Pappa

Every Night" are awful bores since we have to hear about their amours through the devious channels of song-plugging every morning, noon and night. When Miss Brady discontinues her celebration of their nocturnal talents and sings numbers better suited to her Hibernian personality, she will be a more artistic entertainer. She has ability and refreshing difference.



IN an hysterical effort to prove (as he says), that movie actors really have "brains," Arthur Ashley, one of the pioneers of that peculiar ilk, goes into vaudeville with one of the most brutal assaults ever perpetrated against Reason. A grave is shown with a marker consigning to rest A Ham Actor. Mr. Ashley emerges from this gruesome hole, like Joe Cook coming out of his imaginary barbershop, recites some dreadful poetry about Booth and the good old days and then does a Frisco imitation, still in the tomb habiliments and a green spotlight. Finally, with an extremely unskillful actress as an accomplice, he murders the big opium dive scene from *The Man Who Came Back*, and then makes an entirely uncalled-for speech about a mythical race to which he lovingly refers as "my fans," "my followers," while the audience is pounding its knee-caps to test the reflex action in a desperate attempt to establish its aggregate sanity. Mr. Ashley here considers his proof that "movie actors really have brains" to be conclusive and retires to the solitary enjoyment and admiration of his own.

AFTER more than two hundred performances in the original *Sally* company, Irving Fisher, the baritone, gives in vaudeville a most inspiring exhibition of artistic courage. With no blood-vessel bursting vocal fire-works, no falsetto high-note finales, but simple lyric songs intelligently and movingly interpreted, the uncompromising artistry and finish of his work, his polished bearing and winning personality make his turn as pleasing as any one I have seen in the music halls.

The summer reviews have worked their usual havoc on the vaudeville stage, plundering it of such great comedy acts as Tom Patricola, Joe Cook, Harry Burns, leaving lapses of humor which are felt.

The new season promises new comedians, however, and new comedy features, one especially which the entire vaudeville world is awaiting with great interest, a satire by George Rockwell, a loquacious fellow with a great gift for burlesque.

INEZ COURTNEY

This cute little dancing prima donna leaves the musical comedy field to appear in the halls in her own miniature operetta, *A Personal Appearance*.



FLEURETTE JOEFFRIES

A cantatrice from California, young and pretty, and the owner of an exceptionally beautiful voice.



PAMELA DELOUR

A dancer whose little review is an amusing whirlwind history of the dance.



RICH HAYES

With his valet. This educator of rubber balls is an exceedingly good one and an amusing clown.



CHARLES WITHERS

One of vaudeville's most cherished members of the rube gentry, as the lovable yokel in his sketch, *For Pity's Sake*.



THE ARNAUT BROTHERS

Musical clowns who reach the height of sublime artistry in their whimsical whistled dialogue between two flirtatious birds.

A TWO-A-DAY POT POURRI

Music Hall Entertainers Who Have Helped to Cheer the Summer Season

San Carlo Opens Opera Season. A Few Recital Hazards. Memories of Famous Débuts

By KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

JUST before the musicians of the dance orchestras became so enthusiastically vocal about "Yes, we have no bananas," they were adding lung power to strings in another inane ditty. This enchanting chorus suggested, "Oh, my sweet Hortense. She's not good-looking, but she's got good sense!" With another musical season about to blossom, it occurred to me that those who plucked a little good sense for the bouquet of artistic impulse would be among the wise garnerers.

By mid-September the song-birds of the San Carlo Opera Company will flutter back to town to carol their familiar arias. Good sense certainly distinguishes Mr. Fortune Gallo, the brave impresario who does not trifle much with novelties, but relies upon the tried, and not found tuneless, operas. He achieves this at popular prices, too.

A SWAN YEARNING CLERK

THERE is a pathetic clerk in Ferenc Molnar's *Fashions for Men*, who says mournfully that while he has heard *Lohengrin* twenty times, he never could get away from the shop in time to hear the knight's farewell to his swan. "I'd like to see that swan just once," he sighs, "and to hear the tenor sing that one aria!" But putting away the bales of silk, tossed about by captious customers, has always made him too late for the performance.

It is a pity that the swan-yearning clerk could not have worked in New York, for *Lohengrin* figures pleasantly in the San Carlo repertoire. So do *Aida* and *La Boheme* and *Carmen*. Mr. Gallo cleverly keeps loyal to the purely tuneful operas. He might like to give *L'Amore dei Tre Re*, but there is nothing in the score that one can whistle.

And if we are not essentially a musical nation, we are swift recognizers. We applaud our own memories, anyhow. I met a bored, weary man in the corridor of the Metropolitan one night during a performance of *Rigoletto*. His wife has subscription seats for Friday evenings, and her escort is usually a husband with an aura of reluctance about him.

"I'm just waiting for that part which goes . . ." he whistled a few bars of the much-recorded Quartet—"I know that bit," he added, cheerfully.

His patience was touching. But after four acts of watchful waiting, he was rewarded by strains of melody that were old friends. Fortune Gallo understands the charm of old acquaintance, and his one concession to exotic taste is the shimmering performance of *The Jewels of the Madonna* which he includes in his operatic file.

A little before the triumphant brasses of the San Carlo orchestra have ceased to reverberate, Aeolian Hall will be freshened and freed of its summer cob-webs. That little gilt door which opens upon the

stage will be oiled, ready to release the season's crop of début-makers. It has a certain human quality, that small door which is so suavely a part of the wall. So many nervous young musicians have stood behind it, fearful, hopeful and wondering why they ever courted so capricious a muse.

There is probably no ordeal quite so trying for the singer, violinist or pianist as the New York début. Yet hundreds of them attempt it every season. Given fortitude and financial backing, a few of them



TANDY MACKENZIE

When Hawaiian blood meets Scotch, a rare tenor voice can be the result. Mackenzie not only sings ballads in the McCormack manner, but native Hawaiian folk-songs never heard here before.

persist, even if the critical reviews dismiss them with those sombre lines: "Edgar Elson gave a violin recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Vieuxtemps, Lalo, Bach and Beethoven were among the numbers on his program."

My own sympathy has always gone most heartily to the singers, because the throat is not quite so reliable as the fingers which must cajole a violin or caress songs from black and white keys.

I remember one young woman who gave her first recital last season. She was pretty; her orchid gown suited her straight slim figure; and she walked toward the comforting arm of the piano with something poised and confident in the angle of her silver slippers. But as the accompanist struck the first bars of an old French folk-song, actual terror came into her wide, blue eyes. She moistened her lips, and the first gallant note was almost like a rasping cough.

Probably she had sung bravely at her final rehearsal, with an encouraging teacher and a vigorously applauding family as audience. But instead of thinking about Lizette and her amorous swains, Nor-

mandy lands and sparkling mornings, Miss Soprano was thinking, "I'm making my début and there are critics in those rows of seats."

You wonder that any of them try it. Somebody with a neat fancy for figures told me that the concert public of New York was about 30,000 persons, and that audiences were made up, from October to late May, of the same individuals. They hear the joyous, radiant Frieda Hempel and the effervescing Anna Case. They listen to the velvet voice of Rosa Raisa and the full, luscious notes of Sigrid Onegin.

Then they hear little Sally Sims make her début, weighing experience, smooth tone production and ease of manner against fresh, young notes. For Sally's comfort, I must say quickly that if she possesses the one vital thing that will turn her into a real artist, she does triumph.

NO STAGE FRIGHT HERE

YES, Mr. Bones," you say, "and what must Sally have beside musicianship and a naturally good voice and a pleasing personality?" She must be human. Her expression must have some universal appeal. John McCormack can sing about roses blooming in Picardy so that you see the moon-lit gardens of France and catch the heavy fragrance of flowers that shine with dew—as the song indicates. It is, by all the standards of fastidious taste, a cheap song with the most primitive allure. But then, McCormack is so cordially human that he can be just as vivid in the more austere Rachmaninoff's *To the Children*.

I am not sure that débuts are actually less terrifying for pianists or violinists. Still, I remember the afternoon that Ethel Leginska made her début. A thin wisp of an elfin creature in a childish chiffon frock, she sped toward the piano bench with briefest of nods toward her audience. Shaking a curl of bobbed hair out of her eyes, she leaped upon the Brahms *Variations on a Haydn Theme*. If anybody ever made a welkin ring, she did it. "Now I know what they mean by dynamic," the woman beside me whispered.

Since the days of her first tumultuous success, Leginska has taken to a working costume for the concert stage, mannish white blouse, velvet waist-coat and low-heeled shoes. She has made tone pictures of the gargoyles on Notre Dame, written songs in the modern idiom, and grown into a composer-virtuoso. But she had always something brilliant and vibrant. That gilt door of Aeolian Hall did not terrify her at any moment.

There was a dash of romance behind the début of Mischa Elman. He had the air of a naive little boy; he was one of the first Auer pupils to startle the American public. When he drew forth his silken, often honeyed tone, he seemed so ingenu-

(Continued on page 54)

FRIEDA HEMPEL

(Right) Whose radiant personality proves that an opera prima donna can be just as dazzling on the concert stage.



ETHEL LEGINSKA

Whose magic with modern idioms of composition is as great as the skill of her fingers in Chopin and Liszt.



STEFI-GEYER

Beautiful Continental violinist who leaves her Swiss chalet for an American début and tour this coming Winter.



Swaine

RODERICK WHITE

Musical brother of Stewart Edward and Gilbert, just back from a European season.



MISCHA ELMAN

One of the Peter Pans of the violins who has grown up to be an All-American citizen.



EFREM ZIMBALIST

Composer, violinist, and famous husband of a prima donna returns to the concert stage after two years' absence.

MUSIC-MAKERS OF THE RECITAL WORLD

Troubadours of an Early Season Who Will Charm Summer's Sleep from the Concert Halls



MOONLIGHT

Silhouette Camera Study by Edwin Bower Hesser



Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



THE only first-class actor who has an unexcelled position on the legitimate stage and yet in his heart prefers to work in pictures is HALE HAMILTON. And nothing influences Hamilton in his point of view more than the fact that on the stage one is required to rehearse three weeks before salary begins. A big producer told me not long ago that eventually managers would have to pay actors at least part time for their rehearsal efforts.

The Jewish comedian may be said to be the outstanding comic type on the revue boards today. Men like Cantor, Howard *et al* are the crowned kings of fun-land. Yet, oddly enough, one of the biggest Jewish comedians in the field is not a Jew at all, but an Irish Catholic. His friends will know I mean JIMMY HUSSEY, though not one person in a thousand hearing that rich Yiddish dialect and gazing upon that pathetic Yiddisher countenance would believe it!

BERNHARDT AND THE PRINCE

AMONG other things that I am belatedly reminded of in connection with Bernhardt's death is that when she was going to undertake the part of the young Bonaparte in Rostand's *L'Aiglon* she turned her home into a sort of court in which she was treated as a prince. This in an effort to be at ease in a rôle calling for royal distinction and bearing. The Russians do this sort of thing as well. The artists of the Moscow Theatre frequently wear costumes at home for weeks to familiarize themselves with the feel of them before essaying them on a stage. An American actor who "pulled that stuff" would probably be locked up!

MARC CONNELLY is at work on the outline of another one of those "satirical comedies"—this time one on the American *voyageur* in Paris.

Variety, the theatrical weekly, is usually reliable as regards the accuracy of the news items it publishes, but it made rather a mess of things in its issue of July 12 when it attempted to explain some changes that have recently taken place in our editorial department. It stated, among other things, that ARTHUR HORNBLÖW had resigned the editorship of THEATRE MAGAZINE and joined the forces of Chas. Frohman, Inc. This is not true. Arthur Hornblow is still editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE as he has been for the past twenty-three years, and he will continue to be. *Variety's* error arose from a confusion of names. Arthur Hornblow, our editor, was away in Europe last Summer and during his absence his son, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., took charge temporarily. On his father's return, Hornblow, Jr., remained with the magazine for a time as associate editor. Then Gilbert Miller made Hornblow, Jr., a flattering offer to join the Frohman forces and he left us on April 1 last, with our best wishes for success in his new field.

THE BANANA MYSTERY

THE banana song has America by the throat. Not since *Everybody's Doin' It* has such a general furore seized the land over a popular song. Its progress has been mysterious. Suddenly, as though over night, the entire country was smiling over it. It will make at least a million dollars, and it took ten minutes to write. A dozen stories account for its existence, but the truth is that it was composed by two wholly obscure musicians in the orchestra of Murray's Restaurant on 42nd Street. Guided by a providence little short of divine and scarce hopeful of acceptance, they took the thing to LOUIS BERNSTEIN, the music publisher. Bernstein must be a wizard. In the crazy lyric and the aimless, not entirely original melody, he saw a fortune. How, Heaven only knows! But he was right and tin-pan-alley, the noisy field of jazz, knows him as its latest oracle!

What was there about the rôle of the wife in *The Devil's Disciple*? LOTUS ROBB, who first played it, fell ill and had to be operated upon and her place was taken by MARGALO GILLMORE. No sooner was Miss Gillmore in the part than she herself fell ill and had to be operated upon likewise. Fortunately for some possible third victim, Miss Robb herself recovered in time to replace Miss Gillmore!

DELAY—THE MOVIE FIEND

LINGERING on the stage at a big movie studio the other day while a number of sets were in progress, I realized more than ever why pictures seem rarely to cost less than half a million apiece to make! The secret is contained in the word DELAY. Everywhere that bogey sticks his interfering finger. Directors and all those under them behave generally as though they were engaged in shooting scenes for the first time. And while they experiment and potter around and quibble and hold cabalistic conferences with their continuity clerk the "atmosphere" scattered about the studio and the stars and all the rest of 'em in between yawn' their bored and expensive (to the company) heads off! Three weeks ago a director took over sixty people to a country estate near White Plains and kept them waiting all day while he hunted locations. If, with a bit less laziness, he had gone up a day or so before and hunted those same locations without a staggering pay roll functioning the while, several thousand dollars would have been saved on production cost in that way alone. But that doesn't happen to be the way they do things in the movies. Not yet, at least. Not until cut-throat competition between the companies makes absolute efficiency in production the one medium of salvation and profit.

MARION COAKLEY has developed a passion for authentic period furniture.

BEHIND THE MET. THRONE

THE suit by WILL THORNER against Galli-Curci's husband amuses me. The latter is alleged to have said that Thorner had nothing to do with the establishing of his wife's fame and, incidentally, the building up of her voice. In musical circles Thorner is well known as the "maker of prima donnas." He has gotten more pupils into the Metropolitan than any other two teachers and then some. Before he "discovered" Galli-Curci he was only one of the many opera fans to be found lounging about the Met's lobbies, but since Galli-Curci won her place in the sun his prestige in that aristocratic Temple of Music is enormous. He has become so intimate about the place as almost to seem one of its staff.

The bizarre spectacle is being currently presented (at present writing, pray understand!) of ARNOLD DALY, the apotheosis of high-brows in the theatre, stepping gaily through the anything but high-brow paces of a sketch in the *Fashions of 1924*! Early during rehearsals one of the little pony girls having heard Daly's last name spoken by the director went up to the actor and asked, "Say, are you any relation to the great Arnold Daly?" To which Daly gravely replied, "Yes, my dear, he was my father!" Incidentally, to his friends Daly confided that this was the proudest moment of his life, but that obviously the little girl was not a member of the Algonquin Round Table.

WINFIELD KELLEY is promoting what is called a *Darky Chauve Souris*—a literally colorful variety show—that is aimed for Broadway some time this Fall.



THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



In the heart of the old French Quarter of New Orleans, one may find the new home of Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré. With its modern enterprise and equipment it is a significant factor in the renaissance of the "Old Square."



Scene from *The Falcon and the Lady*, presented on the opening night of the New Orleans' Little Theatre, with Sutro's *The Man in the Stalls*, and Calderon's *Little Stone House*, to round out the bill with which they christened their new theatre.

The Foyer of Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré reflects the Spanish and French influence, so happily combined in the architecture of the building itself.



The Little Theatre of the Old Square

New Orleans' French Quarter Becomes the Home of One of the Most Interesting Little Theatres in America

By CALVERT G. STITH

THE permanent home of Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré, or as it is generally known, the New Orleans Little Theatre, is now one of the established artistic centers of New Orleans.

This little theatre, which was organized but four years ago, has a membership of 3,000 and an annual income of \$30,000, in which items it probably leads all other little theatres of this country. The ultimate investment will be close to \$100,000 and already \$40,000 has been spent on the Theatre and \$25,000 on the real estate which it owns.

The new theatre is located at St. Peters and Chartres Streets in the heart of the French Quarter. Half a square away are the Cabildo, the Pontalbo Buildings, St. Louis Cathedral, Jackson Square and the French Market. Nearby are the studios and homes of artists, writers, poets and creators of fiction—singers, musicians, composers and all the rest of the community, which dwell these days in the Vieux Carré.

For a time, there was a movement to tear down the old French and Spanish buildings which line the streets of the Quarter, but now everything is being done to preserve them, with strange results; in some instances steam heat, elevators and other modern appointments have been installed in houses that have been standing for two hundred years or longer.

THE THEATRE, A COMBINATION OF SPANISH AND FRENCH ARCHITECTURE

IN the architecture of the Little Theatre there is a mingling of Spanish and French, as if the Old Absinthe House, the Paul Morphy Home—which was built to shelter Napoleon, but never used for that purpose—and other famous old edifices had been used for a composite design. In the severe façade, the arched windows and doors with tiny panes of glass and plain wooden shutters, the iron work of the balcony, the old Spanish and French influence is markedly present. In addition to the theatre proper, the organization owns property which will be converted into a Spanish court-yard and another building which is to be used for club rooms—the latter structure, formerly "The Suckling Pig," a famous cafe in its day, was in operation up to the time it was acquired by the Little Theatre.

Standing guard in front of the Théâtre are two lamp posts which saw service as far back as the days when New Orleans used oil in its street lamps and an official lamplighter went the rounds of the City. Later these posts served as gas lamps until they were modernized with electric current.

But while the atmosphere of another day prevails outside of the theatre, within everything is modern. There are modern seats



Mr. Oliver Hinsdell, Director of Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré.

in the auditorium and the stage is a large one—twenty-nine feet wide, seventeen feet high in the clear at the proscenium and twenty-four feet deep.

AN ADVANCED LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

BACK stage," the lighting equipment is particularly interesting—in fact it goes beyond established practices. The ordinary stage is lighted by footlights, ceiling strips and side spots, but the New Orleans Little Theatre utilizes the footlights and that is all. In place of the ceiling strips there are four rows of light wells or buckets, four lights to the row, mounted on a swivel joint which permits them to be turned in any direction. On the sides are similar light buckets, each fitted with grooves to receive the color frames.

This system of lighting was worked out after many experiments, and with it may be secured elaborate light-painting effects not obtainable with the ordinary equipment. Ordinary electric bulbs are obtainable only in rudimentary colors, but the Little Theatre's light screens practically permit the painting of a picture through the softest tones and shades imaginable.

THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

IT was about nine years ago that Mrs. Oscar Nixon and Mrs. Rhea Loeb Goldberg planted the seeds of the present theatre with the organization of the "Drawing Room Players," but it was not until the Fall of 1919 that the Little Theatre began to bloom. Then the war interrupted the plans of those behind the movement. It was again revived when peace came, and an enthusiastic group met one night in the Quarter, audited the books and found \$29.00 in the treasury! Immediately a room was rented in the Pontalba Building for \$17.00 a month, and in it, this little group actually did the manual work of building and decorating a stage.

On the eventful night of the reorganization, there was a list of twenty members; within a week it had jumped to two hundred, and it has since grown to three thousand, with a long waiting list. And even in the new theatre, it is necessary to give four performances so the entire membership of the organization may see each program.

Mr. Oliver Hinsdell, Director and Coach of the group is credited with a large part of the success of the undertaking. Those behind the Little Theatre say he is largely responsible for its artistic success, but Mr. Hinsdell gives all the honor to the players themselves—to their interest and enthusiasm and to their talents. There is not a member of the organization

whose work does not compare favorably with that of the most pretentious road companies which are sent on tour.

AND FINALLY, ACHIEVEMENT!

THE dedication of their new theatre brought together a distinguished gathering of American and French residents of New Orleans, and to add further significance to the occasion, the French Academy decorated the Little Theatre with the Order of the Palm.

And now that this earnest group of play-makers recruited from every walk of life, have been installed in a permanent home, it is hoped that their ambition—that of giving the community something worth while—will continue to grow and bear fruit.

The standard and the record they have made should prove inspirational to the many struggling groups throughout the country, and in that connection it is interesting to repeat a prophecy made by Mr. Wilton Lackaye who, after a visit to their Theatre, said: "I believe the New Orleans Little Theatre may be one of the greatest factors in the salvation of the American Stage."

Will they live up to that glowing tribute? That remains to be seen, but already they have made their gesture.

The long list of successful productions which they have made includes both French and English plays, and preparations are being made to give others in Spanish. A Training School is one of the recent important additions to this enterprising Little Theatre, which has produced among other plays, *Two Crooks and a Lady*, by Pillot; *Suppressed Desires*, by Gaspell; *Beyond the Horizon*, by O'Neill; *He and She*, by Crothers; *Helena's Husbands*, by Moeller; *A Night at an Inn*, by Dunsany; *A Game of Chess*, by Goodman; *The Rights of the Soul*, by Giasco; *Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, by Shaw; *Dig, Kate*, by Neudlinger, and *La Passant*, by Coppee.

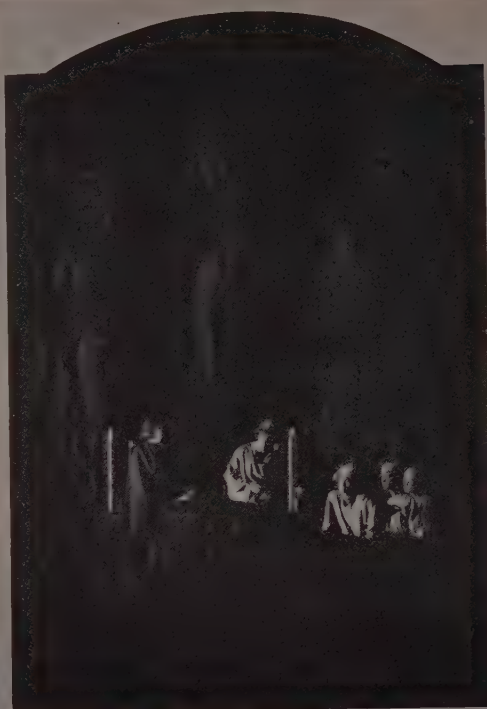
The Amateur's Green Room

THE BLACK MASKERS PRESENTED AT
SMITH COLLEGE

PROFESSOR Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., has achieved a personal triumph in the Senior Class production of Andreiev's *The Black Maskers*, which was presented under his direction at Smith College for the first time in America.

This weird tragedy calls for a setting that would tax the resources of a professional producer, its costumes are grotesque and lighting plays an important part in the production, but Professor Eliot very successfully met all these requirements. He designed the scenery and the masks and worked out the lighting problems with splendid results and striking effect.

(Below) The Masquerade from Andreiev's tragedy *The Black Maskers* presented for the first time in America, by the Senior Class at Smith College, under the direction of Professor Eliot.



will be offered covering every phase of dramatic production in the Church and Parish House, as well as adaptation of biblical material. To quote their announcement:

"The Drama has come back to the Christian Church, where it was cradled in its infancy. It is not yet at home, however, in the sacred precincts. Delicate problems of adjustment, both physical and spiritual demand solution. The first session of the Summer School of Religious Drama aims to clarify the understanding of those problems, and to point the way to a solution of some of them. Its purpose is to train a limited number of religious workers in the dramatic method of religious education. It is hoped that those who

(Left) The Bier scene—one of the deeply impressive episodes in a play that stirs the emotions to their highest pitch—a striking example of Professor Eliot's "light painting."



The stark tragedy of Andreiev's play is felt in the Masquerade scene with its flickering torches and gruesome maskers—the whole made realistic by Professor Eliot's stagecraft. A bat with an enormous snout, a hideous spider, a foolish queen with blank unseeing eyes—monsters of every description, and in sharp contrast, beautiful masked ladies—brought Andreiev's mad nightmare to life on the stage of Smith College.

Professor Eliot and Smith College are to be congratulated on this ambitious production.

A SUMMER SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS DRAMA

WE are just in receipt of an interesting announcement from the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, that a Summer School of Religious Drama will be held under the auspices of the Religious Drama Committee, in the Wesley Foundation Building, Madison, Wis., where application for enrollment may be made.

The opening session of the school will be on the evening of September 4th and the closing on September 15th. Courses

work together here will go away with not only a more definite and vital conception of the place of Drama in Worship, in Religious Education, and in the "Redemption of Leisure"—but also with a practical knowledge of methods that will increase their value and efficiency as leaders in moral and religious education.

Note: Will the Directors of Dramatics in schools, colleges and clubs, send announcements of their dramatic programs for the forthcoming season, to The Editor, The Amateur Stage Department?

THE BEST THINGS IN TOWN



Models from Stein & Blaine

Though certain costume frocks may be bouffant, furs, perforce, compel the slender silhouette. Having that a canny choice for the new season would a long caracul coat similar to this worn by Esther Howard of *Wildflower*, which pulls in snugly round the hip-line. The length of the coat, its collar of sable, its sleeves, are all representative of the latest touches of the mode.

Short fur coats have never been more fetching! And muffs, you note, are back again. The ensemble, coat and muff, which Esther Howard adorns, and which adorns Esther Howard, is in summer ermine with broad embroidered bands of dark brown, gold and a touch of blue. Stein & Blaine are featuring for wear with their furs, imported turban-scarves in Roman stripes of gay colorings.



(For prices of furs and silk turban-scarves shown on this page, write Anne Archbald, Fashion Editor, the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



THE SEPTEMBER STAGE
OFFERS THESE LURING
SUGGESTIONS IN CLOTHES

In *Helen of Troy*, Helen herself, as well as several of her assistants, wears this frock of charm and simplicity, which might be called a frock in three tones, the lightest for the main material, with two deeper ones for the wide bands which form squares and oblongs. Such a frock in tones of grey georgette, or of yellow, or periwinkle blue, would be lovely.



Another suggestion from *Helen of Troy* for the popular robe de style! A very, very full taffeta skirt in two tiers, with even fuller wide "pinked" ruffles on each edge, is hung over a petticoat of fine net and lace, its bodice being of taffeta and narrow pinked ruffles surplined above the net. The original model was in a new and heavenly shade of yellowish pink.



Jessie Reed as "Sweet Adeline" floats through the Ziegfeld Follies' number of "Songs I Love to Hear" in this frock of pink net—"millions of yards of it"—says Mr. LeMaire who designed the frock—with narrow silver ribbon on the underskirt. The very tight pink taffeta bodice is trimmed with orchid bows and delicate pink roses, and since Paris is featuring stronger than ever the robe de style a modified version of this model would make a lovely personal frock.

(Below) For a slender silhouette we recommend Vivienne Vernon's frock from the Ziegfeld Follies, also a LeMaire creation, which consists of cobwebby silver lace over a foundation of silver cloth. The prominent design is embroidered in thin silver paillettes, and the shoulder straps and low girdle are of rhinestones.



A vignette from the famous "Bambalina" number in *Wildflower*, showing one of the hats, with multi-colored ribbons bound round the crown, the dear little underneath caps of white hemstitched linen which hang down in lieu of curls, and the bracelet chains of silver-covered wooden beads which click-click so deliciously in the dance.



It is prophesied that among evening headdresses for the winter the wig will be revived, fashioned in a rather more decorative way than heretofore, so we have shown the one Esther Howard is wearing in *Wildflower*, with a crown-shaped diamond band binding its curls and immensely long earrings of rhinestones.





The choker necklace still holds sway! Above is a beauty of alternate cornelian and gold-dipped porcelain beads, with stunning earrings to match, each gold link of which is adorned with a cornelian scarab and tiny Egyptian heads set in silver.

A second necklace is of real amber beads in the deep shade, with matching earrings of amber balls on gold chains, and a tiny white pearl in the middle.



The "Bambalina" bracelet, named after the *Wildflower* song, because its crystal beads click-click as delightfully. It comes in crystal and either blue, rose, amber or aquamarine.



Still a third "choker," striking for its very simplicity, is composed of large gold-dipped porcelain beads, with which these barbaric earrings in the same tone of gold would make a most fetching combination. The exquisite detail on the earrings is shown at the left.



Anna Case carried to Europe with her an imported hand-bag like this, in black satin-striped moire with an insert in *petit point*, the newest touch for bags. The size is 6 1/4 x 5 and the inserts include gay little French landscapes.



Lunching at Pierre's, Helen Shipman wore over her sleeveless black frock one of these new-line cape-collars in net and val., with tiny tucks and shirings. The length is 10 inches in front and 17 in back.

WHAT THE SHOPS ARE FURNISHING TO THE SMART ACTRESS

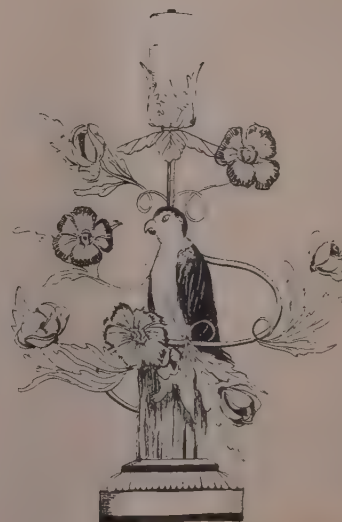
For prices, names of the shops, or any further details concerning the articles on this page, write Anne Archbald, Fashion Editor, the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York City.



To the furnishing of Lilyan Tashman's apartment went the electric lamps seen on either side of the page, and made of metal artistically tinted in cream and rose and green.

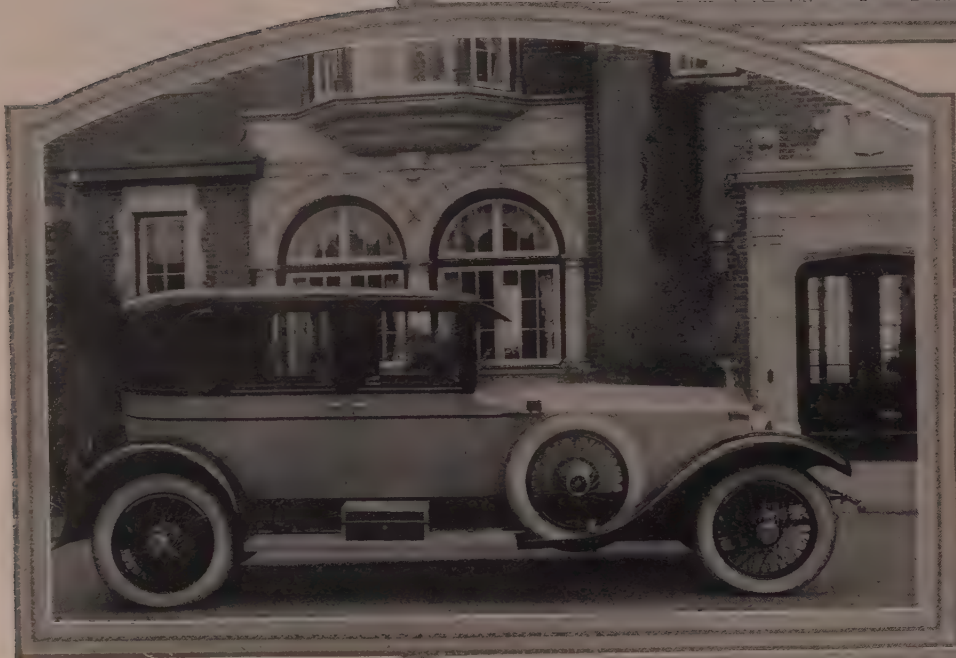


"A 'necessaire' for the dressing-table is just what its name implies," says Miss Tashman. Paris sends one over ornamented in blue and black and gold, to hold steady deep glass bottles, topped and stoppered in silver gilt.



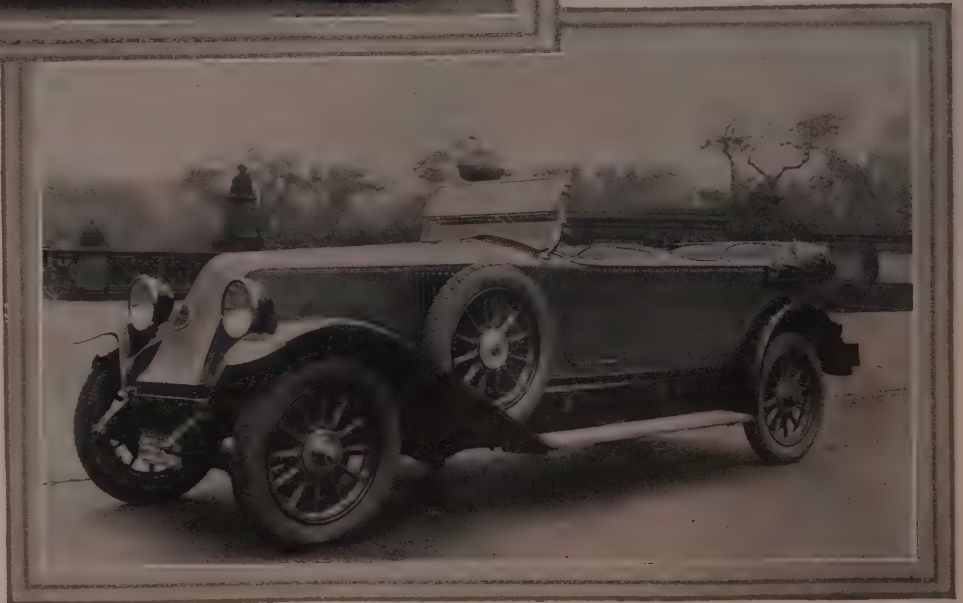
A less expensive but equally attractive set of these lamps comes in the same style, but colored in a deep French blue. The lamp may be purchased separately or in pairs.

Here is an enclosed drive, four passenger, cabriolet with chassis and body by Cunningham. This car is painted in dark gray, with an oil rub finish, and the top is of Burbank cloth. The interior is in keeping with America's finest coach work tradition. Boyriven broadcloth has been used in upholstery.



A recent product of the American works of the Rolls Royce Company, an enclosed drive cabriolet, collapsible. In design and construction this model is an exact duplicate of one recently produced at the British Works on special order for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

A Renault 40-60, six-cylinder sport equipped with four-wheel brakes, capable of doing 85-90 miles an hour on the road. At 60 miles an hour it will stop within 120 feet, has power for every need and excellent riding qualities. The body pictured here is from the master hand of Kellner of Paris.



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THE INTERNATIONAL FAVORITE OF LOVELY WOMEN

(Concluded from Page 20)



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the studio. Burgess and Protheroe asked to be excused for a minute. They went into conference in the adjoining room. Burgess:

"She's got the looks, and that's about all. She'll wear clothes well, too. But as for singing or dancing! Hell's bells! We can have her recite a few sentimental songs to music. She'll look all right sitting on a rustic bench under an apple tree, and we'll get a tenor to sing to her. She can look sweet and show her teeth. See?"

MANUFACTURING A STAR

AFTER Mr. Schuyler and his protégée had departed, the machinery of manufacturing a musical comedy to fit a newborn star was set in motion. First, they conferred about an author to write the book. Burgess suggested Bennie Pritchard. "He's been up against it lately, and, besides, he's a fast worker." Bennie Pritchard, a bit raveled at the edges, none too well fed in appearance, was enchanted with the order.

"Sure you don't want it ready tomorrow or the next day?" he asked. "I'll do it if you say so. By the way, what's the highlight in the personality of Miss Lester?" He swiftly noted the lifted eyebrows, the shrugs. "I see! Well, is she blonde or brunette? Not dumpy, is she? P. S.'s last 'find' was a heavyweight, if you remember. I want to know whether I can have her cut a few capers, or whether it would be best to keep her nailed to a seat. I got you. All right, boys, see you Thursday."

The next few days were busy ones. The cast was assembled. A comedian secured at \$1000 a week. Half a dozen "ponies" at \$50 and \$60 and six show girls at \$60 and \$75. The salary list was kept down to \$3500. A lyric writer and composer were engaged, and specific instructions given the former to write at least one lyric entitled *Beautiful Lips*.

Protheroe set his salary modestly at \$1000 per week, and one percent on all receipts. Burgess said nothing at all about what his plum would be. A dancing director was engaged at \$250, and a musical director at \$150 per. Pierpont Schuyler's bank-roll was fast taking wings! There were lengthy conferences with scenic artists, new sets ordered, old ones rented, stage properties secured, a thirty piece orchestra engaged—electricians, costumers, all the rest of it!

A theatre was finally rented after a guarantee of a certain number of weeks had been furnished. This was insisted upon by the manager, as the company was new, and he wanted to feel certain that his percentage would be fair.

Bennie Pritchard phoned that the musical comedy's title was *Dream Days*. Thursday he brought in the complete creation—all about a little

country girl, Daisy—Lollie's rôle—went away to the city to become great actress, but who never for Bingham, her home town. She went back after ten years, and found she was still in love with the blacksmith's son, Dick, who meets her in the apple orchard where they used to play when children. She sits on a rustic bench, with pink petals falling about her while Dick sings. Daisy has to do is smile sweetly in the love scenes in the country half of the play, and look charming in beautiful costumes in the city half of it.

Next, a publicity man was engaged to plant some live copy about *Dream Days*, and its beautiful star, Lollie Lester. He wrote about Lolita's entrancing smile, her home on Park Avenue, her pet pomeranians, her horse back rides in Central Park. Lollie gave out typed interviews about eating raw carrots for a lovely complexion and appeared in advertising copy out by a cosmetic company manufacturing face powder, announcing the beautiful star of *Dream Days* found its face powder superior to others. Her pictures appeared in New York newspapers in riding costumes, sport clothes, and in a gown which exposed her beautiful back.

When Lollie read over the manuscript of *Dream Days* her comment was: "Ain't it sweet? So dear romantic! I hope I can wear a pink in most of the scenes. It'll swell on me."

THE OPENING NIGHT

THE night of the dress rehearsal arrived. Pierpont Schuyler, out of the darkened house, bit his lip with rage as he watched Basil Fothergill, the handsome tenor, bending over the curly blonde head of the charming Lolita. He wanted to have him immediately, but was told that it was too late to rehearse another male for the rôle.

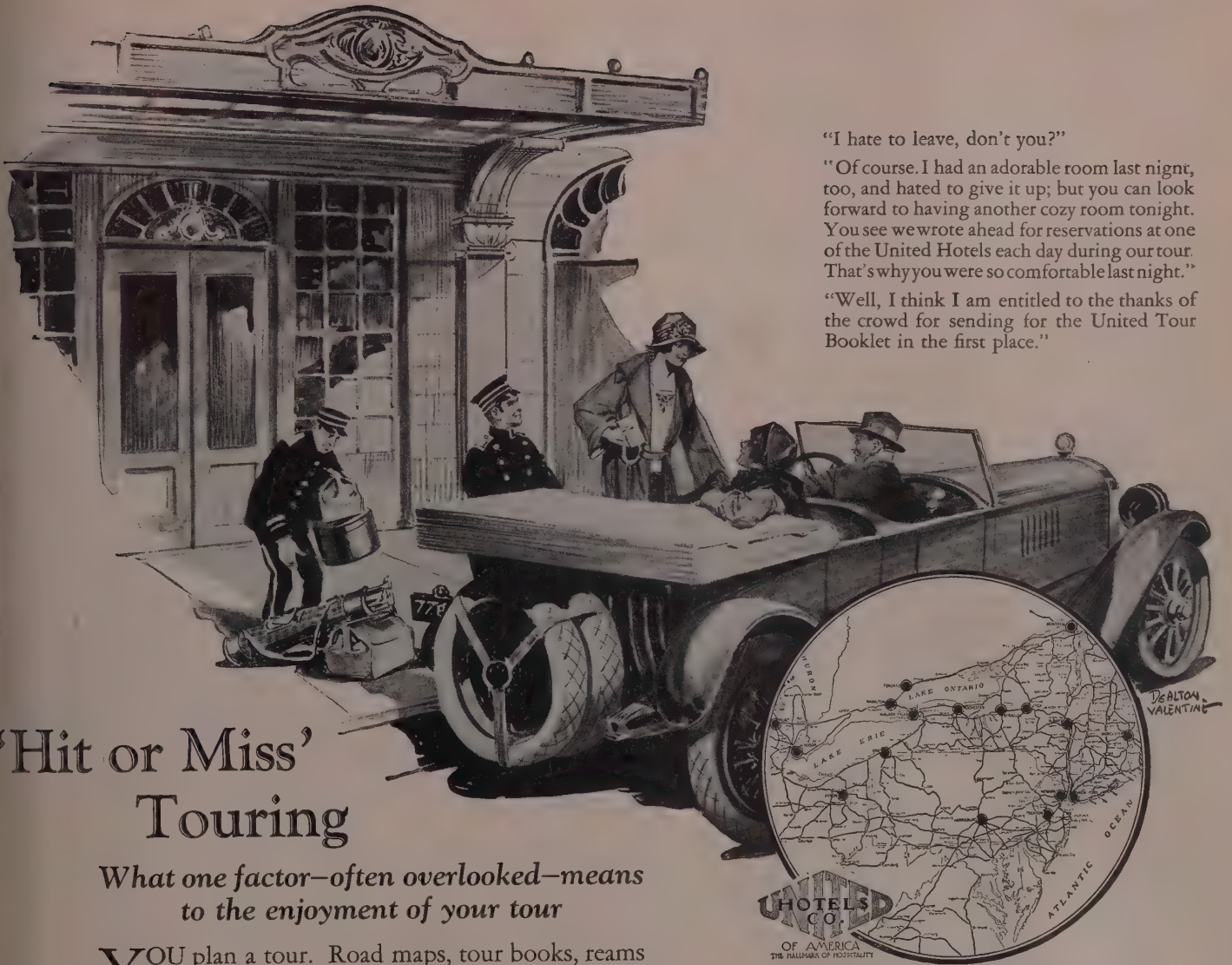
Then came the opening night. During the first intermission, the dramatic critic of the news addressed the matinee critic of the *Blade*:

"Putrid, isn't it? How do they get away with it?"

And the dramatic critic of the *Blade* who knew the publicity man, and all the "inside information," responded:

"Sixty thousand dollars, and a lot of pouting red lips can accomplish wonders, my boy."

Of course, *Dream Days* flopped. It was one of the worst failures of the season. More than \$60,000 squandered! The public was the victim, sufferer, possibly the dramatic critic. No one else involved appeared in the mind. The chief purpose of *Dream Days* was accomplished: Lollie Schmitzborn had achieved her ambition in life—she was a Musical Comedy Star!



"I hate to leave, don't you?"

"Of course. I had an adorable room last night, too, and hated to give it up; but you can look forward to having another cozy room tonight. You see we wrote ahead for reservations at one of the United Hotels each day during our tour. That's why you were so comfortable last night."

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T. M. -9-23

(Continued from page 24)

up a regular rapid-fire of swift and significant movements.

"That's the hardest talk I have ever given in my life," he gasps, mopping his brow with his handkerchief and sinking into the nearest chair. "When you can't see your audience, even through the dimness of a darkened hall, as is naturally the case in an illustrated lecture, you are lost. You feel at times completely helpless in your attempt to get what you are saying across to your auditors.

The evening Billie Burke broadcast happened to be also the evening set apart for inspection by Mr. Easton and his committee who supervise the policy of programs. Punctually at seven-thirty these sages filed into the sound proof studio. Enconcing themselves in chairs at the parlor end of the room, they summoned the Impresario. When, a moment later, he came before them, toting an armful of letters from the pens of thousands of pleased radio fans, the chairman proceeded to ply him with questions. The public taste was discussed and the public's whims considered. They agreed that the boy from twelve to seventeen had put the radio into the home and that it would be he who would keep it there, so more material to entertain him would have to be put into the programs.

MISS BURKE "GOES INTO HER ACT"

THEN someone announced Miss Burke, and the committee arose and stood expectantly at attention. There was some shuffling without and in stepped Miss Burke, accompanied by her secretary and her maid. Her face was aglow with her pretty, captivating smile as she shook hands. The committee bowed and beamed in its own peculiar way, while Miss Burke quickly glanced about the apartment and expressed her surprise at the Greenroom-like appearance of things.

We pass into the studio, where, with all that charm and ingenuousness so characteristic of her, she "goes into her act." As is her want, she fairly vibrates with animation. Her mobile face registers every emotion; and, for all that, she might as well be acting before an audience that could see her. Now and then she raises her hand and shakes her head in her unique way, as if to say: "I wonder what sort of impression I'm making on my auditors, and whether my personality really takes hold over the radio. I do hope that I am getting across."

The Leonard-Tendler boxing bout, summer before last, for the world's lightweight championship not only had a great crowd at Boyle's Thirty Acres in a suburb of Jersey City, but the radio audience that night was estimated to be the largest ever assembled. The year before, when the Dempsey-Carpentier "battle of the cen-

tury" was staged, only a handful of people had sets; but, so fast have radio fans sprung up and supplied themselves with apparatus, that the evening of the last fight well over a half million were listening in.

That genius for painting rapid pictures of prize fights, J. Andrew White, editor of *Wireless Age*, delineated every move of Leonard and Tendler so vividly and graphically that the radio audience almost felt itself in the amphitheatre.

The fight was broadcast after this fashion: Mr. White was seated at the ringside, very much as any man is seated at a desk in an office. In his hand he held what looked like a portable telephone transmitter, only the gutta percha mouthpiece was considerably larger than that of the ordinary telephone and the delicate diaphragm behind it was exceedingly more sensitive, as was also the case with the several pick-up microphones, placed here and there around the ring at good spots among the audience. These were controlled by a switch at the broadcaster's side. A special telephone wire was used as the connecting link between the amphitheatre and the Westinghouse sending station, WJZ, at Newark, New Jersey.

Then, with everything ready, Andrew White threw over the switch the gong sounded, the crowd roared and the hundreds of thousands of radio fans were not only able to hear but, as well, to get into the atmosphere of the event.

EDDIE CANTOR ASKS FOR NICKELS

EDDIE CANTOR, sometime back regaled the nightly tappers of the ether with a monologue that scintillated with fun. He looked an odd figure and rather out of his sphere without his black face. Standing before the microphone he nervously wriggled his arms and legs; and when he got through, he remarked that theatre audience never fazes him, but to stand alone, minus the inspiration of both his makeup and a couple of thousand peering eyes, was more than he could quite "get away" with calmly and naturally.

During his introductory remarks he had said that were each listener-in to send him a nickel, he would very likely realize enough to purchase a couple of new suits and a pair of spats in the bargain. In his mail for the next ten days or so, he received a considerable pile of nickels and lots of other tokens of regard besides.

The telephone in the room adjacent to the broadcasting studio frequently keeps one man busy answering calls—some of them long distance—concerning the program that is in progress. I believe Impresario of the Air Pennoe himself encourages this so-

(Concluded on page 52)



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The fabric in itself is a revolution—a revelation—irresistible! Soft as the down of a swan—

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Two typical models are illustrated here. But they don't begin to tell the story! There are many other unusually fascinating Swansdown styles. Style Book on request.



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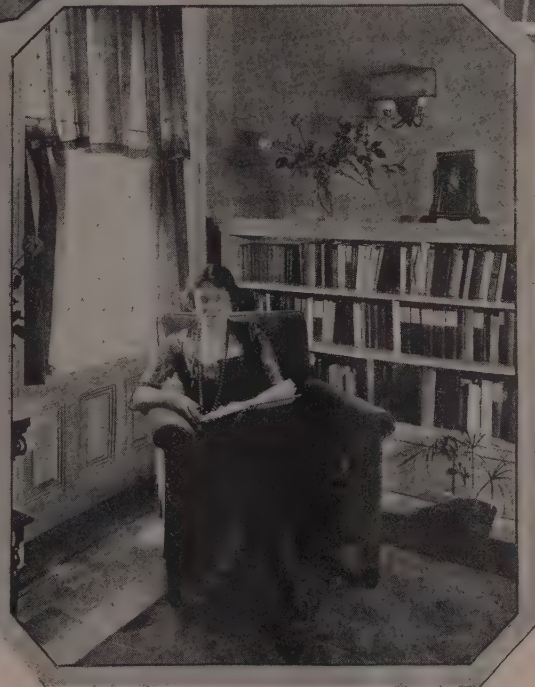
THE use of warm color, which has been growing in favor in the world of feminine fashion, has now reached window draperies. This vogue is seen at its loveliest in Quaker Oxford Cross Net, with its soft hues in the daintiest of designs.

Oxford Cross Net is especially apropos in view of two other new fashion trends in window curtaining. One is the tendency to narrow the side draperies or drop them altogether, thus showing more of the woodwork. This makes it necessary to have lovely color in the curtains themselves.

The other is the recognized desirability of unifying the outside effect of an entire floor or façade of a house with a single curtaining. Obviously, the drapery chosen must be appropriate to a wide range of uses—such a material as Oxford Cross Net.

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WHEN Miss Peggy Wood sought curtains for her living room she hoped to find a material with just the right touch of color—a curtain with the daintiness of spring, through which she could see the outside world. She almost thought nothing of the kind existed; but fortunately Oxford Cross Net had just come out—in the new "sunshine" shade.



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BROADCASTING FOR THE RADIO

(Concluded from page 50)

of thing, for it assists him vitally in the laying out of his programs, by giving at least some hint as to the taste of the general public.

Frequently when some renowned diva of the Metropolitan sings, she departs herself just as if she were before the be-diamond and bejeweled horse shoe at the opera, and doing her part center stage at that. Occasionally temperament asserts itself, and a hair tearing incident occurs, which the public sometimes mistakes for static, a blessed thing for the Impresario of the Air to fall back upon when he needs to cover up a bad spot.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

BUT, speaking of singers, the most amusing incident that ever occurred at WJZ was that in which a Metropolitan soprano figured together with several of her pets. She arrived at the studio in her limousine, accompanied by a dozen little lap dogs, each of a different species, which leaped out of the machine and trailed after her into the building. They were here, there and everywhere, with their long hair trailing on the floor and their red tongues lolling out of their panting mouths.

The diva began her concert. The moment her first high notes smote the little beasts' ears, they all with one accord sat down upon their haunches and with wrapt attention listened to their mistress. All at once something happened. The one note that, for some reason, grated upon their nervous organisms was struck. Up went their heads, and such a volley of heart-rending wails I have never heard! The announcer sprang to the switch and threw it over, and everyone in the studio endeavored to silence the creatures. After a good deal of persuasion, they finally quieted. The concert proceeded.

ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

GADSKI is prominent among the operatic stars who have sung for the radio audience, and she is the only one of this whole group who does not, at least in some measure, act while broadcasting. In direct contrast is Olga Petrova, who is quite temperamental and always broadcasts adorned in gowns of the most ornate and elaborate kind. Seldom is she without her beautiful peacock feather fan which she so gracefully wields while she performs for the unseen multitudes.

Only a few weeks ago, an announcer had his hands unmistakably full. A pianiste who arrived somewhat late, dashed into WJZ out of breath and rather disconcerted. Throwing off her cloak, she tore across to the piano. Sitting down at it she allowed her fingers to ripple over the keys. Suddenly she quit this digital exercise, and, turning about like a flash, she snapped out:

"This instrument isn't worth a

whoop, and I do not intend to play on it! That G string there might as well be in the bottom of the sea!" And so saying, she reached over, tore out the offending wire with a mighty jerk, and triumphantly hurled it far across the room.

"There!" she raved on, sinking into a chair, "Your old piano hasn't been tuned in a coon's age. I tell you that I will not touch an ivory until the thing has been gone over!"

To say the least, the announcer was rather upset and had to call into play all the tact and diplomacy at his command. Finally, after the wire had been put back in place and the instrument quickly reconditioned, the pianiste, under the pressure of much subtle coaxing, was induced to go on with her concert.

Eugene Christian some time ago told the multitude of listeners-in what to eat and what not to eat if they would enjoy the comfort of perfect health. While he told much about food values, he dwelt particularly upon diet from the point of view of sound food combinations. Before he had left the microphone, a perfect volley of telephone calls began to pour in. Dozens of listeners-in had questions to ask. Some described themselves as chronic sufferers with every imaginable type of indigestion and pleaded to have Mr. Christian advise them forthwith over the telephone.

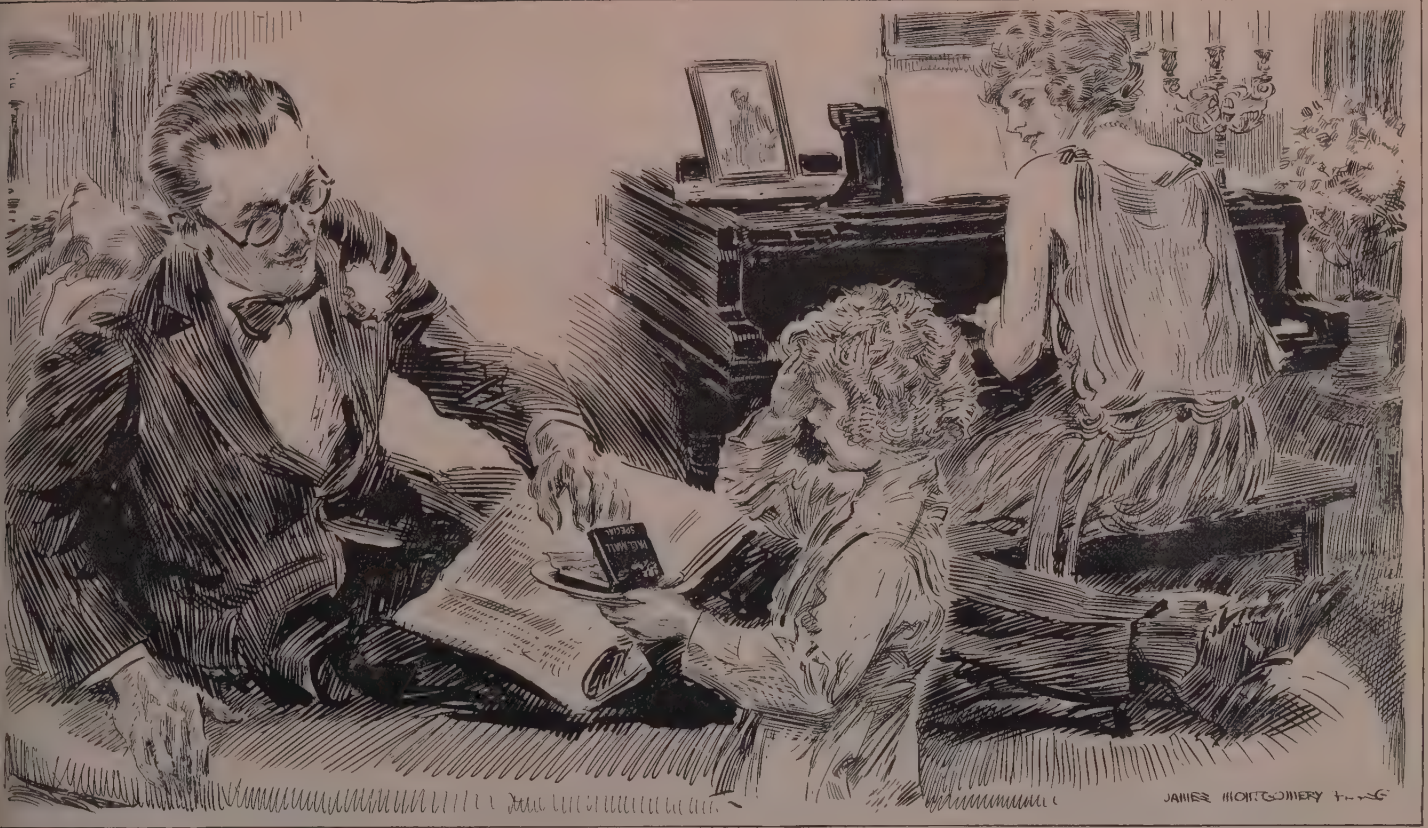
THE AMATEUR PEST

THE Impresario of the Air is a very popular and much besieged individual. Besides attending to and looking after temperament with all of its whims and foibles, he has to meet a great horde of amateurs in every avenue of artistic endeavor, clamoring for a hearing on one of the radio broadcasting programs.

Some of these applicants are still in their tender 'teens, while others have gotten well beyond the three-score and ten limit. They are all of them exceedingly anxious to broadcast at the "earliest possible moment," and will be "sure to please" if they are only given a chance.

Perhaps the most ambitious program yet attempted was the broadcasting of Ed Wynn's *Perfect Fool*, with Ed Wynn himself and his whole company doing the "stunt." That night conditions for sending were exceedingly good, and out in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains a ninety-year-old mountaineer, who had never been in a theatre in his life, heard this brilliant Broadway hit.

Such, then, is merely a quick glimpse behind the scenes of the radio. The activities incident to broadcasting are varied and multifold; but just now the ways and means are limited, for radio is only in its swaddling days. A few years more and who can tell what the magic-box will reveal?



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AREN'T WE ALL?

(Continued from page 28)

steamer I cried out again and again,
quicker, quicker. Each day seemed
like a hundred years, and when I
reached the house I flew up the stairs
to rush into your arms with happiness,
only to find another person in them!
And, as I stand here at this minute,
I am ashamed that I can hate anyone
as I do you! That's all I have to say!

Later. Lord Grenham tries to ex-
plain matters.

LORD GRENHAM: My dear, an inno-
cent kiss, bah! What is that in a
man's life?

WILLIE: Margot, my darling, please
try and understand.

MARGOT: What is there to under-
stand?

LORD GRENHAM: Then what could
you understand?

MARGOT: Many things! If it had
been a garden of scent and beauty, a
divine moon, for instance, shining on
the sea, in the distance a violin play-
ing the most divine music, and she
had been an attractive woman, then I
might have understood. (*She rushes
out of the room*)

ACT II. A room at Lord Gren-
ham's country house. Afternoon. Two
weeks have elapsed. Lord Grenham,
just down from London, finds the do-
mestic relations strained, and Margot
preparing to go to her mother. He
shocks his sister and her husband, the
Vicar and infuriates Willie by sug-
gesting that Margot given equal pro-
vocation might have done what Willie
did.

Lord Grenham tells Margot he has
invited a young friend an Australian,
for the week-end and asks her to
receive the guest. The newcomer's
name is Willocks; he was in Egypt
at the same time as Margot and fell
in love with a certain Margaret Spald-
ing. He is spending a few weeks in
England looking for her. Margot
terribly agitated rushes off to meet
Willocks at the train and prevent his
coming to the house. In the meantime
Willocks, who has come by motor,
arrives and is received by Willie.
Over a glass of Scotch he tells Willie
about the girl he met in Egypt.

Margot, greatly relieved when
Willocks fails to arrive by train,
thinks he has declined the invitation
until she discovers his card on the
table.

WILLIE: And did my father know
her?

WILLOCKS: Very well.

WILLIE: That's all right then. You
had no quarrel with her?

WILLOCKS: Quarrel with her? The
last night I saw her, I shall never
forget it. It's difficult to describe to
you. But if you could imagine the
most perfect garden of scent and
beauty!

WILLIE: Garden of scent — and —

(*Suddenly becomes interested*)
Garden of scent and beauty! Yea,
please go on!

WILLOCKS: Facing us, the reflection
of a perfect moon shining on the sea.
WILLIE: This wasn't Egypt by any
chance?

WILLOCKS: It was!

WILLIE: Go on!

WILLOCKS: A violin fellow, and how
he could play, playing in the distance
marvellously! It was the most ex-
quisite night I shall ever know and as

I gazed at her lying in my arms, I
realized everything was in sympathy
with us, everything was wonderful
and as the dawn broke—

WILLIE: She was lying in your arms,
as—as—the dawn broke?

WILLOCKS: I realized, in telling her
my love for her, the hours had passed
like minutes!

WILLIE: Telling her your—go on.

WILLOCKS: And as I watched her go-
ing up the steps to the hotel, I little
thought it would be the last time I
would ever see her!

WILLIE: What makes you think she
was in love with you?

WILLOCKS: A woman of her type
would never kiss a man if she wasn't.

WILLIE: She kissed you?

WILLOCKS: Of course! I don't care
what your father says. I know she
was in love with me, but I don't
know why she ran away from me.

WILLIE: You needn't despair, Mr.
Willocks, you will in time!

Margot tells Lord Grenham that
Willocks did not come.

LORD GRENHAM: Now isn't that splen-
did!

MARGOT: Why? Didn't you want
him to come?

LORD GRENHAM: Very much! But I
much prefer that he should go back
to Australia!

MARGOT: Then why ask him here?

LORD GRENHAM: You know why I asked
him here. My dear Margot, you can
afford to be generous. I never had
the slightest intention of Willie know-
ing.

MARGOT: I wish to know in what
way I am concerned with Mr. Wil-
locks, or whatever his name is.

LORD GRENHAM: Very well. Mr.
Willocks met in Egypt, while you were
there, a widow by the name of Mar-
garet Spalding. He fell in love with
her. It appears she acknowledged be-
ing a personal friend of mine, and Mr.
Willocks, instead of returning to Aus-
tralia, came to England to try and
find her. On his arrival the first
thing he did was to write to me and
asked me if I knew Margaret Spald-
ing and would I help him to find her.
MARGOT: But how thrilling! How
did you find out you knew her?

LORD GRENHAM: Only when he de-
scribed to me the garden in which they

(Continued on page 58)

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AREN'T WE ALL?

(Concluded from page 54)

spent their last evening together, and when he described the lady to me.

MARGOT: I shan't repeat it, who was she?

LORD GRENHAM: Margot Tatham!

MARGOT: (*Furious*) I want you to tell this story to Willie. (*As Willie enters*) Will you please tell him what you were telling me?

LORD GRENHAM: Later on, my dear. So I hear, Willie, this young friend of mine couldn't come after all, gone back to Australia, eh?

WILLIE: No. He's here! He'll be down in a minute!

MARGOT: What was your object in telling me he had gone back to Australia when he was here the whole time?

WILLIE: This! It will be interesting to watch the reunion of you and this man in whose arms you were lying as the dawn broke in that garden of scent and beauty. And who saw you for the last time as you walked up the steps of your hotel. You don't deny it?

MARGOT: I already have to your father, but he doesn't believe me, so I shan't risk it with you. I leave it now to Mr. Wilcox, or whatever his name is.

At this moment, Willocks is announced.

LORD GRENHAM: Mr. Willocks. Did you have a nice trip down? You know my son. But you do not know my daughter-in-law.

WILLIE: Yes, I think they have already met.

WILLOCKS: (*Hesitates*) Unhappily I have never had that pleasure. How do you do?

MARGOT: How do you do! (*There is a pause. Margot quickly crosses to door and exits. Willie pauses, then follows her. Willocks looks off at the retreating couple as Lord Grenham seizes him by the hand.*)

LORD GRENHAM: How d'you do!

ACT III. Same setting. The next morning. Willocks explains courteously to Lord Grenham that he is leaving at once for Australia. There has been a sharp scene between Margot and Willie, and the upshot is that Willie decides to return to London with Willocks.

To repay Mary Frinton for helping her out of her difficulty Margot announces, in *The Times*, Lord Grenham's forthcoming marriage to Lady Frinton. The prospective bride-groom bears up gallantly under the congratulations that pour in, and succeeds in hiding the fact that the announcement is "news" to him.

At last Margot and Willocks are left alone.

MARGOT: I realize, from your point

of view, I treated you very badly.

WILLOCKS: From any point of view, can you defend it? You deliberately set out to do it! (*She shakes her head*) Then why Margaret Spalding? MARGOT: Because as Margot Tatham it would appear I have a reputation as a singer. Ill and tired, I left town suddenly, leaving no address, and went to your hotel, and for peace and quietness adopted the name of Margaret Spalding.

WILLOCKS: I meant every word I said to you.

MARGOT: Of course you did. That's why I grew to like you.

MARGOT: Don't you understand it was never real! The moment I got on the boat to come home I realized it, so much so I meant to tell my husband everything.

Willocks goes off to London without Willie. As Willie enters he finds Margot watching Willocks' car disappear in the distance.

WILLIE: But I was going with him. It doesn't matter. I'll go by train.

MARGOT: I'm going by the 4.30.

WILLIE: We might travel together?

MARGOT: If we are going by the same train, it would be ridiculous if we didn't. There is no reason to let everyone know your opinion of me.

WILLIE: I have no opinion of you now other than I have always had.

As long as I live I shall never cease to regret the things I said to you.

MARGOT: Are you really being as nice to me as you appear, Willie?

WILLIE: I can never be nice enough to you. (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her*) What were those words my father said to you before you went away?

MARGOT: When two young and attractive people are married to each other it's a mistake for either of them to go too far, or to be too long away from home!

In a flurry of happiness, Margot and Willie say goodbye to Lord Grenham and go up to London. The Vicar enters and finds Lord Grenham alone. VICAR: Grenham, my mind is greatly disturbed. I must speak to you. I feel I cannot eat another mouthful of bread in your house, bearing the resentment I do against you, without telling you.

LORD GRENHAM: Against me, but why?

VICAR: Have you forgotten in answer to a simple remark I made the name you called me last night?

LORD GRENHAM: Name? I don't remember calling you any name. What was it?

VICAR: Grenham, you called me a damned old fool.

LORD GRENHAM: But aren't we old friends? Aren't we all? (*They drink to each other*)

CURTAIN

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She buys Bon Voyage books at Brentano's and looks over The Leviathan

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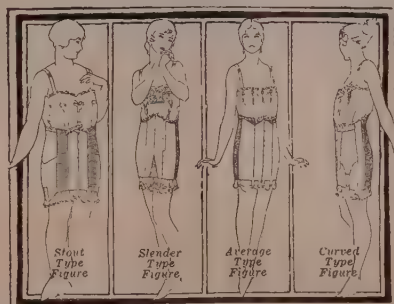
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TUBBY and I had quite an amusing afternoon last week, whose incidents merit noting, I think. It had to do with the sailing of The Leviathan, a trip to Brentano's for books of passage . . . and incidentally the blossoming of an idea . . .

Some friends of ours . . . a young married couple . . . were going over on the famous ship, and Tubby and I had both made other plans so that we couldn't be on hand to see them off. I suggested why didn't we go down to the boat the afternoon before instead, and fix up their stateroom with one or two small surprises . . . Tubby thought it an excellent suggestion, and armed with books, and flowers, and . . . Ahem . . . a certain quantity of "contraband" ("What the Doctor ordered") . . . as well as passes to go on board, we twain taxied over to the foot of Forty-sixth Street . . .

Before that, however, we had gone to Brentano's for our books, where occurred the following whimsical conversation incident to the idea mentioned above . . .

"We want to get such-and-such and such-and-such a book," said Tubby to the clerk. "For some people going abroad . . . And is there anything else you could suggest for light steamer reading?"

I pounced on a book with the most engaging "jacket" . . . It was bright yellow with the impressionistic lines of a face covering one side . . . black slanting eyes marked in broad strokes of black . . . two dots for the nose . . . a mouth in red . . .

"Look, Tubby!" I said. "Isn't it too adorable! Sally must have this one whatever it is, to carry around the deck and make a lovely spot of color against the dark steamer coat."

"Since when, Angelina, have you been choosing your literature according to its cover," said Tubby much amused.

"Unconsciously, I think, for ever so long . . . Deliberately from this minute on . . . And I'm going to educate other women to do the same . . . Instead of having an artificial flower or a ribbon cockade for the contrasting spot of color in your costume, choose a book . . ."

Tubby and the young clerk began to be very much in favor of the notion, particularly the young clerk. Brentano's, it seems, is specializing in artistic covers and jackets for the books they themselves publish. They see no reason why the outside shouldn't be as gay and inviting as the contents. The clerk showed us the most enchantingly bound books of plays and novels . . . And showed how one book might do double duty for different costumes . . . "The New Decameron," for instance, a collection of corking short stories by ten of the modern young authors, had its cover

in purple and red, but its jacket in pale blue . . . *Voilà*, with the cover one color scheme, with the jacket another . . .

"The time is just ripe for such an addition to a costume, don't you think, Tubby?" I asked.

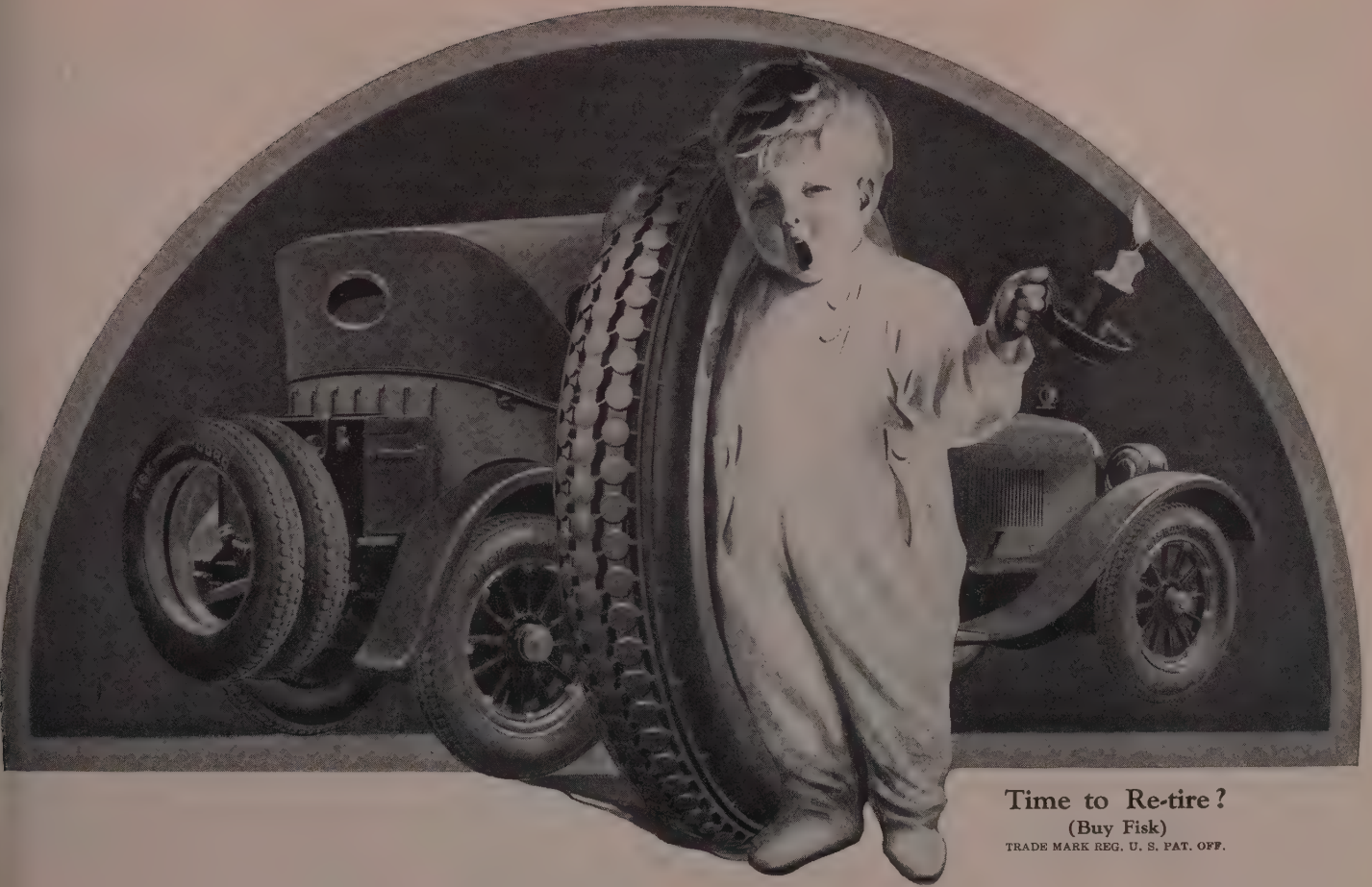


Angelina and Tubby suggest that to carry a book nowadays represents the very best of chic, that is, provided you make a harmony or a contrasting spot of color with your costume.

"Precisely," said Tubby. "A short while ago a book carried by a girl was in the nature of a perfect chaperon . . . that is, a man seeing it said to himself, 'Aha, the lady goes in for intelligence . . . best keep one's distance' . . . But nowadays our animal minds have sufficiently progressed so that we can contemplate intelligence in a woman without shying. A gay covered book should not only add a distinct *chic* to a frock, but form a kind of lure . . . Tell all your lady friends, Angelina, never to go to sea, metaphorically speaking, without one."

To help the cause along then, we bought for Sally, besides the yellow jacketed book with the posterish face, C. E. Montague's "Disenchantment," in a small red and white plaid . . . *très chic* . . . "The Wisdom of the Hindus," in oriental gold and black . . . "The Wisdom of the Chinese," in orange with gold flecks . . . and two I've-forgotten-whats in French blue with gilt lettering and a lovely green and grey . . . That about covered everything, and we felt Sally would look smart wandering round the deck or reclining in her steamer chair "spotted" with anyone of them . . . Neither would they go amiss with Jack's tweeds . . .

(Concluded on page 64)



Time to Re-tire?

(Buy Fisk)

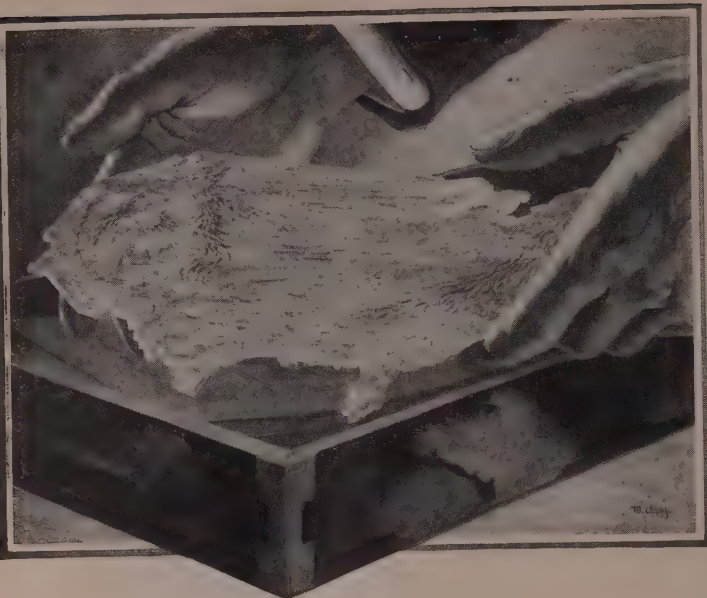
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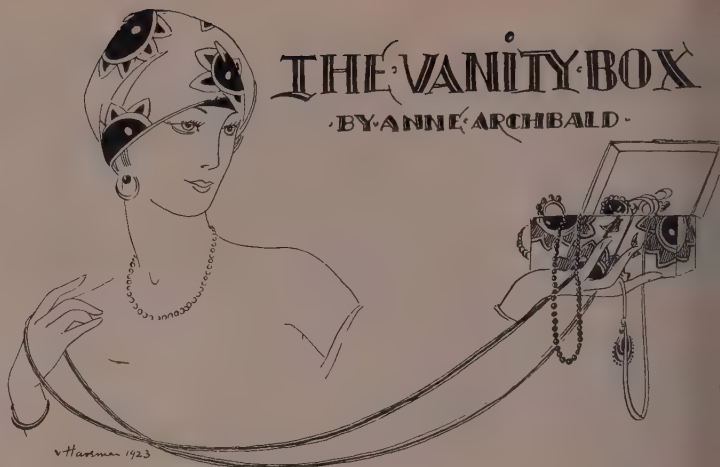


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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES



EVERYONE is so glad to have lovely Ruth Shepley back on Broadway again, after her years' absence, and equally glad to know that she is in a play that will keep her there for some time. But then, as *Two Fellows and a Girl* is a Cohan production, that is only to be expected.

We ourselves are individually pleased, because Miss Shepley has always meant to us smart clothes on the stage and off. She has a particular *flair* for accessories . . . unusual ones, that is. We are always sure we are going to see things worth while when we encounter her. At lunch at the Ritz on one of her recent matinee days it turned out to be the imported "Compact" which she took from her bag. It might have looked like the average gold-simulated vanity box from the outside except for its cover. But that was unusual and caught the eye of a young artist at the table.

"How very nice," he said. "And how typically French that cover, with the 'relief' of the Egyptian head, and the touches of green!"

"Yes, it is rather nice," agreed Miss Shepley. "However, I'm not carrying it because of that. Covers, by themselves, wouldn't mean much to me without something more. But this happens to be the lightest compact case on the market. See how thin it is! And then it is made by a jeweler as carefully as a watch case, the mirror is so clear, the snap fastening works so easily."

We became increasingly interested. How many times had we broken our nails trying to pry open the usual metal compact box, which works so complacently and agreeably at the moment of purchase, and develops the fiendish disposition of a hard-shell clam as soon as you get it home.

"But even that isn't its greatest charm," went on Miss Shepley, "which is the actual compact inside. Personally I have tried again and again to use the average compact face powder, because of the convenience in powdering one's face in public . . . the fact that there is no loose powder to spill on one's clothes, and that it goes on more quickly and evenly, but I have always found it disagrees with my skin after a few days . . . They tell me that in order to make the average compact, something has to be mixed with the powder to keep it in its cake form, and that is what is harsh to the skin, though I know that even so lots of women use them. But this compact is different. The powder is made into its shape simply by a special kind of pressure without any other mixture, and the cake is pure powder clear through."

"But of course you have to pay for all those merits, don't you?" we said, mentally putting the price of the case at around three . . .

"If you did, wouldn't it be worth it?" returned Miss Shepley. "But as a matter of fact, you don't . . . another beautiful thing . . . it costs only a dollar like the rest."

All that was very revealing, wasn't it? So I went and bought one of the new imported compacts, and can now agree with everything Miss Shepley said about it.

Just on our own . . . are you one of the women who like to use perfect good water and soap—naturally we mean if the water is soft and warm and the soap pure—on your face, in spite of all that is said against it. If so you will like the new twin soaps, to be used one after the other. The first is called a "Clinic" soap, to cleanse the skin thoroughly. It is followed by the "Tonic" soap, for toning and refining. Together they form a nice little beauty treatment for complexion or bath, the whole costing only 25 cents.

(For the name of the imported compact used by Miss Shepley, and where it can be purchased write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York City. Or send us one dollar and we will have a compact forwarded to you. Also write us for the name of the "twin" soaps, or send 25 cents in stamps and we will send them to you direct.)



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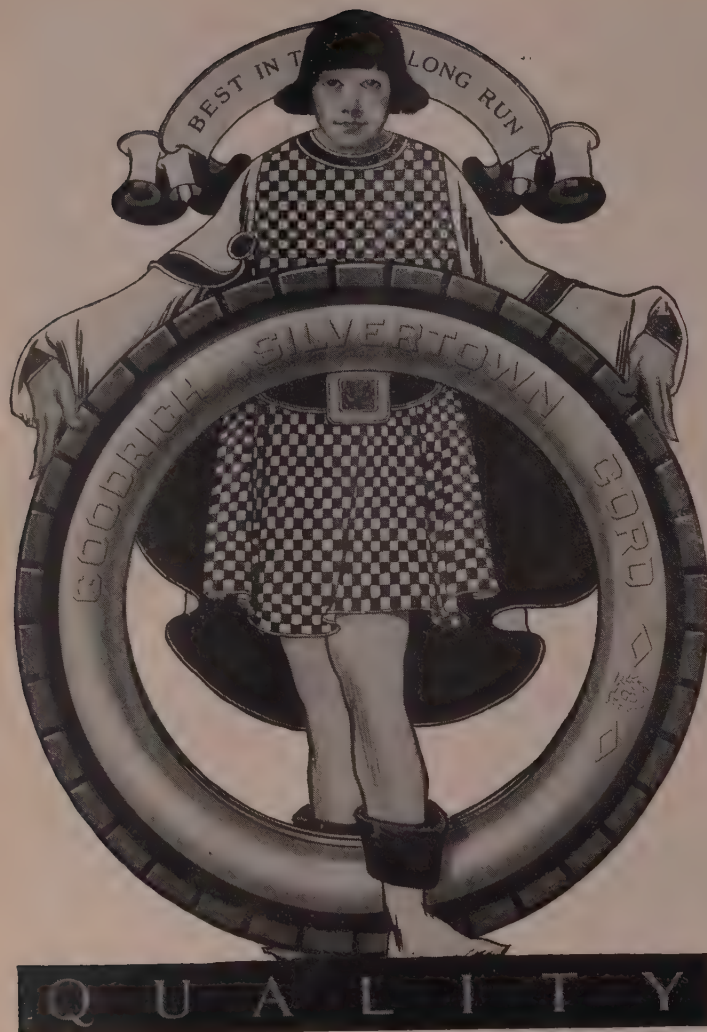
Sprayed Rubber—the first absolutely pure rubber.

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THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(Concluded from page 60)



The world's one word for a *cord tire* is SILVERTOWN. It is significant that it also means "one quality only." Made in the best quality when it was the only cord, it is made in the best quality today when there are many.

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Toronto Montreal Winnipeg



We reached The Leviathan with our packages about five, and, after showing the proper credentials and offering the necessary assurances, were taken by the steward to the stateroom reserved . . .

"Here is your stateroom," said the steward, opening the door with a flourish.

"Very kind of him, I'm sure," said Tubby, "but I think Jack might have something to say about that."

The children had done themselves rather well. A deck cabin . . . and too adorably fitted up in bright chintzes, and single beds, and one or two French prints on the walls . . . I was especially taken with the dear little gas fireplaces . . . After hiding the contraband where it could be the most easily found, and filling the nickel washbowls with flowers, and placing the books on the table, we were shown over the rest of the boat . . . becoming smitten with a poignant nostalgia to be sailing ourselves. All the first-class staterooms were as enchanting as the one we had just been in, in similar charming color schemes and with small black-framed etchings or French prints . . .

As we came out into the main lobby of C Deck ("Heavens, Angelina, lobby!" For a ship!) exclaimed Tubby in horror . . . but that's what it is, nevertheless) we were a bit dashed to find confronting us two charming little white booths containing supplies of the latest books . . . many of them the very books we had seen at Bren-tano's . . . and all the new magazines of importance. The fact that books could be had so easily on shipboard somewhat diminished our gift . . . But anyway, I consoled Tubby, we didn't furnish any magazines . . . and if Sally had been allowed to choose her books for herself she might have done so purely for their contents without regard to the aesthetic value of their surfaces.

Before leaving, Tubby was eager to see the swimming-pool, which he

had heard was quite special, but the steward insisted that was impossible as it was closed for the night. Luck was with us, however, for suddenly whom should we spy seated in the "lobby" (I beg the ship's pardon!) but young Dave Mallen, comedian, an old restaurant acquaintance from Passini's. We used to see him the evenings we dined there last winter, before he went on to do his "comedy stuff" at The Boardwalk. And who says, by the way, that comedians are sad dull people off the stage? None that I know are . . . certainly not Mallen . . . he's screamingly funny in real life . . .

"How come, Dave!" said Tubby . . . Amusingly it turned out that Dave's father was the "detect-e-tive" (as Penrod would say) on The Leviathan . . . and he was assisting him for the minute . . . Could he do anything for us? Had we seen everything? So that was Tubby's chance at the swimming-pool, and we were taken down and shown its green-tiled spaciousness . . . and the barber shops . . . and the little hair-dressing cubicle alongside . . . "Where you can be washed and waved when we come over on our honeymoon, Angelina . . ." said Tubby. "I shall certainly expect you to do your best in trying to live up to me . . ."

"Well, I could imagine worse things than a honeymoon trip on The Leviathan," I told Tubby. "It might even induce me to take you up . . . the atmosphere of those staterooms is so enchanting . . . one could care about almost anybody with that background . . . We could go to Paris for the end of the honeymoon, where I could start proceedings for divorce on the grounds of bribery and undue persuasion . . . 'Your Honor,' (sobbing bitterly) 'he offered me a trip on The Leviathan.' 'Nuff said' . . . We could run up to Deauville or down to the Riviera on a little trip while waiting for the decree. It's quite the thing now . . . some of our best theatrical stars are doing it."



The latest addition to making life on shipboard brighter and better are the small shops containing the new books and magazines, where anything omitted or forgotten may be supplied.



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(SIGNED)

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NON-POISONOUS



CRITICS HAIL A NEW AND GREAT OTHELLO

(Concluded from page 9)

trustfulness; and jealousy is only one of half a dozen particular means that might have been selected to betray the over-trustful hero into error. The Moor speaks the utter truth when he finally describes himself as "one not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme." Perplexity—not savagery—is the clue to his tempestuous behavior in the last two acts.

A NOBLE MOOR

LIKE many men of extraordinary physical strength, Othello is a person of great heart and simple mind. He is—psychologically—a sort of overgrown boy. He is naturally noble; and—being utterly devoid of the sophistication which arises from the repeated disenchantments of experience—he believes that everybody is as honest as himself. As Iago remarks to the audience, "*The Moor is of a free and open nature, that thinks men honest that but seem to be so.*" He believes in women; and all his simple faith is focussed in the devotion of Desdemona. But he also believes in men; and when his honest Iago assails him with apparent proofs of Desdemona's perfidy, he cannot reconcile them with his instinctive reliance on her innocence. Therefore he grows "*perplexed in the extreme*"; and the terrible fourth act reveals him tossing as a ship disanchored amid a sea whose surging he cannot understand. Ultimately, he kills his wife, not in a passion of jealous vengeance, but as a solemn and pathetic sacrifice to his lost faith in the essential goodness of the things that are. Throughout these perplexities of spirit, Othello remains a gentleman—that is to say, a gentle man. He is always simple, always noble, always dignified. He is not ruined by his lack of faith in Desdemona, but by his excess of faith in Iago. He is destroyed by his constitutional inability to comprehend the concept that other men may be less honest than himself.

This, of course, is the essence of the tragedy. Jealousy is a form of madness; and the strong and simple Moor goes mad because he cannot understand the machinations of a cold and calculating villain like Iago. His emotional responsiveness cannot contend against the cynical scheming of a disassociated intellect. A great heart cannot hold its own against a heartless brain;—and "*he was great of heart.*"

This is the conception of Othello

which Walter Hampden restores to the English-speaking stage, after thirty years which, in my opinion, have been devoted to a false following of Italian ideas of fierceness or German idea of bestiality. And his performance of the part is utterly heartrending. Over and over again, you find yourself repeating to yourself that pathetic phrase from the poet's text,—"*The pity of it!*" and, "*Oh, Iago,—the pity of it!*"

I first saw Walter Hampden's Othello in Los Angeles a year and half ago. It was only his sixth appearance in the part; and he had tucked it inconspicuously into his repertoire for the purpose mainly of rehearsing it before an audience. There was not more than eight hundred dollars in the house; and the audience contained no "friends," or professional frequenters of the theatre. It was made up merely of casual gathering of stragglers along the streets of that far-western city. Yet, after the fourth act, when the orchestra began to play, the galleries drowned out the music by stamping on the floor and thereby supplementing the shouts and plaudits from the stalls. There was a veritable riot in the auditorium, which was quieted only by a brief and beautiful speech from Mr. Hampden. Then, throughout the fifth act of the tragedy, the whole house was overwhelmed with an appalling silence,—one of those silences which you can hear. And when, at last, the small audience was released into the lobby, they marched out solemnly, like heroes in some great parade, without the traces of tears upon their face.

A MAJESTIC PERFORMANCE

ALL my life, I have been seeking greatness in the theatre; and still in my opinion, Shakespeare's *Othello* remains the greatest play of any nation and of any period. And now, at last we have, in Walter Hampden, an actor who can sweep us off our feet with a great performance of the noble, heroic, majestic, perplexed, perturbed, defeated, and heartbreaking Moor!

At Walter Hampden's first performance of *Othello* in New York, shall either be among those present or among the dead. Such occasions are not offered more than once or twice in a mere life-time of theatre-going. And, if I am permitted to survive this predictable expectancy, I know that I shall walk forth into the night, with my head held a little higher than at its ordinary tilt, saying over to myself, and even shouting to the stars, "*For he was great of heart.*"

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Reinald Werrenrath makes a curious record for August, a song with English words set to melody from the *Largo* of Dvorak's *New World Symphony*. In *Goin' Home* the orchestral harmonies follow closely the original texture of the symphony.

Italian opera leans heavily toward the shadows, but occasionally a melodic of cheerful stripe is found. Such is the *O luce di quest' anima* (Guidi Star of Love) from *Linda di Chamounix* which Galli-Curci sings on a new record for August.



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"I don't see how anyone can talk intelligently without a full knowledge of what is happening on our stage, and I don't see how anyone can have that knowledge without reading the THEATRE MAGAZINE."

Channing Pollock.



Mlle. Carina Ari, of the Swedish Ballet, which is shortly coming to America, and of which a full account will be found in a forthcoming issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

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IMPORTANT FEATURES

THOSE MARVELLOUS MARIONETTES!

An article by Charles Henry Meltzer describing the wonderful Italian puppets which are the talk of Europe and which Charles Dillingham has secured for America.

THE SWEDISH BALLET

An account by Barrett H. Clark of this remarkable organization which has made a furore in Europe and which will be seen shortly on Broadway.

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE:

ST. JOHN ERVINE AT HOME

A close up interview by Carleton Miles with the distinguished English dramatist who has given the stage such worth while plays as *John Ferguson*, *Jane Clegg*, etc., and author of Mrs. Fiske's new play, *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*.

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT AND THE THEATRE GUILD

An inquiry by Walter Prichard Eaton into the reasons why this successful producing house presents so many foreign plays to the seeming prejudice of the native born dramatist.

Regular Departments

CINEMA

conducted by Quinn Martin

VAUDEVILLE

conducted by Bland Johaneson

MUSIC

conducted by Katharine Spaeth

AMATEUR STAGE

conducted by M. E. Kehoe

Stage Fashions

Fashions, as originated on the stage, *The Promenades of Angelina*, and *The Vanity Box*—all by Anne Archbald, whose intimate acquaintance with stage favorites of the moment lends authority to her pen—are regular features of *Theatre Magazine*



Italian Marionettes which have astonished Europe and which Charles Dillingham is bringing to America this season for the first time. A full account of this extraordinary attraction will be found in a forthcoming issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

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CHARLOT'S "REVUE INTIME" COMING TO NEW YORK

(Concluded from page 22)

give the audience a chance to yawn. There is something going on every minute. Good taste, speed, charm, color, *personality of performers*, emphasized; as good and interesting a book as possible; imagination, pleasing music, and excellent humor are the ingredients I always try to use to make up my revues."

"Are you going to have any American players in your production over here?" we asked, thinking that it would be less expensive to engage a local chorus than import one.

"What would be the point of doing that?" he demanded. "Unless I can give a production absolutely novel in every way, entirely unlike anything you have here, there would be no sense in bringing it over at all. Unless Mr. Selwyn had thought I had something different in the way of a revue—he would never have wanted me to bring it over. No—I shall not change a single thing. I expect to bring my *London Revue* of 1924 over here and put it on exactly as I would in London. I intend to produce an entirely new play for the New York offering. I shall take some of the best and most popular numbers from the plays already seen in London; I shall introduce a good many novelties; I shall have a new score and a new book; and after playing in Liver-

pool and London for a couple of weeks—we shall set sail for America.

"I promise to bring as pretty a chorus as you have ever seen. I don't know what will happen to me after I open—the second night will be able to tell me all. I intend to give my first offering for your critics to either like or dislike on New Year's Eve. I am to open in the Times Square Theatre—and after that we shall see—."

Charlot is a Frenchman by birth. He became associated with the theatre in Paris while in his early twenties, first as press representative, then business manager, and finally manager, having under his care such well-known playhouses as the Chatelet, the Palais Royal, Femina, Folies Bergère, Ambassadeurs, and the Alcazar.

He produced a great many of the forerunners of the now famous French Revues in these theatres, and then journeyed to London where he became manager of the Alhambra in Leicester Square, introducing during his three-year régime at this establishment a half dozen revues of a unique type. From the Alhambra, Charlot took his Revues to the Vaudeville Theatre, which has since become so closely associated with his form of entertainment that they are an inseparable part of the history of the London theatre.

HOW JEANNE EAGELS BECAME "SADIE THOMPSON"

(Concluded from page 19)

the group in the play. I am sure of it. She had two Christian qualities, courage and honesty. The preacher was not, as many who see the play think, a hypocrite. He proved that, by cutting his throat. He atoned for his sin. He was not a hypocrite but a fanatic."

Jeanne Eagles hovered near the dressing room door, listening for the sentence that preceded her cue.

"Now you have the record," she

remarked succinctly, "that begins with Jeanne of Kansas City, and ends with 'Sadie Thompson.'" I sometimes wonder," she added, "which are our real selves, the parts we play on the stage, or those we play off the stage? At any rate I know the theatre has the most powerful lure in the world for me." She bit her words short. "It is stronger than love . . ."

From the stage, as an echo, came Sadie Thompson's raucous laugh.

MUSIC

(Concluded from page 36)

ously pleased. Elman was usually extremely generous about yielding to the demand for Dvorak's *Humoresque* as an encore. There really should have been a managerial slogan, "The man who made the *Humoresque* purr." That beguiling air gradually became to violinists what Rachmaninoff's *Prelude* was to pianists.

Probably the ambitious ones about

to give recitals in the autumn (or winter or spring) look longingly at the already arrived. At least they start out with longing and end with defiance. "My voice is every bit as good as Frieda Hempel's," the little Sally assures herself. Well, I hope it is. I wish all the season's crop would be harvested into the hearts of the music-loving public. Only it won't be.



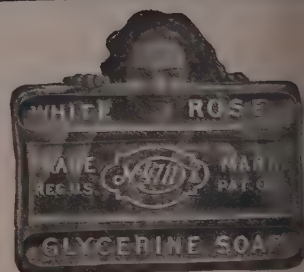
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Men who "know it all" *are not invited to read this page*

AMONG the men enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute there are more than 27,000 presidents and business heads. The Institute welcomes inquiries from such men, but this particular page is not addressed to them.

There are nearly 31,000 vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurers on the Institute's rolls; but this page is not for such officials.

Neither is it for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment; who knows that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is because he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had

made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

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LONDON APPLAUDS CIVIL WAR HERO

(Concluded from page 12)

the worst tricks of Scribe and Sardou.

Nor, aside from the—too polished
and theatric, but "effective"—imper-
sonation of Henry Ainlie, the Crom-
well, do I recall anything of marked
merit in the performance. The char-
acters, including Hampden, Ireton and
the Mother of "Old Noll," are merely
"feeders." There is no wart on Mr.
Ainlie's well-shaped nose. For the
author had not cared to disfigure
Cromwell. The *Charles the First* of
Wills misled one as to that monarch.
But it was really a well-made and
pleasing play.

Nothing I have seen this year in
the London theatres seems to me of
more interest than the two rival enter-
prises of Mr. Basil Dean, at the St.
Martin's, and Mr. Norman Mac-
dermott, at the Everyman. For the
past year or so both these producers
have been incredibly active, attempt-
ing, with devotion and intelligence,
what had been achieved by Mr.
Drinkwater and Miss Horniman at
Birmingham and in Lancashire. The
producers I have named now stand
in England at the head of the few
men who are fighting doggedly and,
I believe, successfully against the dull
commonplace that stamps most London
theatres. They have their counter-
parts in the United States in the man-
agers of the Neighborhood Playhouse
and the various "little theatres" scat-
tered over the vast spaces between the
Atlantic and the Pacific; and in a
year, or two or three years more, they
may be rewarded, as the organizers
of the Theatre Guild have been re-
warded, for their courage.

Some nights ago I went to the
Everyman at Hampstead, to see a
performance of a new comedy of
Yorkshire life, written in the rude
Yorkshire dialect and entitled
T'Marsdens. It is a play in three acts
and five scenes, of a pattern with
which we were made acquainted by
Miss Horniman. The dialect would
not prevent the intentions of the
author, Mr. James R. Gregson, from
attracting American playgoers. And
I incline to think that, with a little

rewriting and blue-pencilling in the
last act, the comedy might prove as
amusing and almost as paying as
Hobson's Choice, and *Buntly*, of be-
guing memory. There is a Buntly
in the plot, who pulls the strings, and
the other characters—which include
Ezra Marsden, the humorous old care-
taker of a Yorkshire mill, his fanati-
cal relations, John Marsden and Ann
Marsden, a bigoted acquaintance, one
Sim Umpleby, who has grown reli-
gious after being a criminal, an up-
to-date minister, the Rev. Philip
Moore, and two extremely modern
young persons who have been secretly
married, are all well-drawn, clear-cut,
and really interesting. The plot
centers in the attempt of a group of
local folk, headed by the minister, to
organize a life-class (with the en-
gagement of a model) at the End-
bridge Art School. The suggestion
of such immorality stirs up the natives,
and the minister is denounced fiercely
as a bad Christian. Then, to the dis-
may of the fanatics, Ethel, a charm-
ing London girl, herself a Marsden,
at Endbridge, announces herself as
the model who has caused all the
uproar. As you may perceive, the
"situation" gives excellent chances for
comedy, of which Mr. Gregson has
availed himself. I will not tell you
the dénouement, which, indeed, can be
divined without much trouble before
the end of the second act.

With one or two exceptions, the
actors concerned in the performance
acquitted themselves nobly of their
respective tasks. The expert mind of
Mr. Macdermott was visible through-
out the unfolding of the comedy. And
I see no reason why *T'Marsdens*
should not do as well, even in New
York, as *Ice Bound*, with which it has
some qualities in common.

The Everyman Theatre has only a
limited seating room. It holds only
about 220 people, and it is austere-
ly but appropriately decorated. A few
more such playhouses are needed here,
both as a rebuke to the inanity of
the public and as an incentive to good
work by managers.

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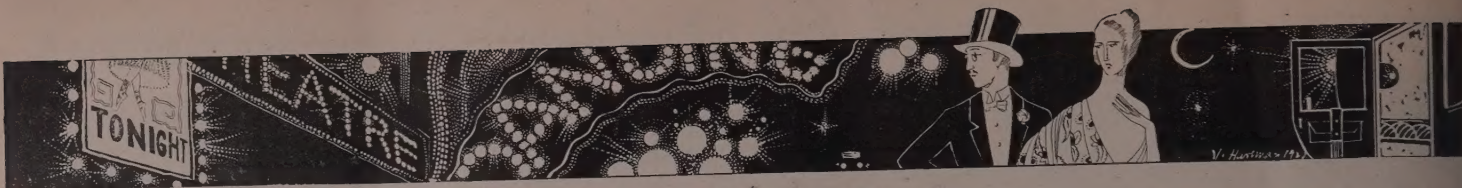
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Heard on Broadway

(Concluded from page 39)

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JACK KRAFT is well along on his way to fame as a specialty dancer. His present success recalls an incident a few years back when Kraft was call boy at the Empire Theatre and was fired by its then chief, Mr. Al Hayman, because when the latter went back stage he found his call boy not where he belonged but down in the engine room practicing fancy steps. Dancers are born, not made, and not even the heat of a furnace could keep Kraft from expressing his soul!

ONE WHO PREFERS THE ROAD

IT is a rare actress who likes to leave New York for the road. The average star craves for the home life of the big town and takes touring as an occasional necessary and unpalatable medicine. But JEANNE EAGELS is an exception to the rule. For reasons unknown Miss Eagles craves the road and is said to be slightly annoyed that the prolonged success of *Rain* is keeping her from her pet hotels in points West.

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., started his career as a manager with the production of Benrimo's *The Yellow Jacket*. It is said that Harris's father on reading the extraordinary script his offspring had selected for his preliminary showing, was nearly prostrated at this evidence of the boy's supposed imbecility and offered him a big sum to quit the production before New York gave him the merry ha-ha. But it was Bill who gave Pop the m. h.-h., and with that same *Yellow Jacket* first established himself as the potent Broadway force he is today.

A CONTRACT JUMPER

ONE hears a lot about the unscrupulousness of theatrical managers but not much about the petty things that actors and actresses are capable of occasionally in conducting their busi-

ness in the profession. Recently a new comedy with some songs in it was placed in rehearsal and its manager engaged the services of a fairly well known young actress and they both signed a contract. She begged off from afternoon rehearsals for a few days saying she was finishing up playing a vaudeville sketch. But, alas, an indiscreet press agent had printed a picture of her announcing her engagement by a rival attraction which caused the first manager to call up the other management and press appropriate inquiries. To the amazement of both it was disclosed that the young lady had actually signed a contract and started rehearsals with each simultaneously, begging off from morning rehearsal with one and afternoon rehearsal with the other. Her idea, of course, was blithely to determine when she saw fit which part she preferred and calmly jump the other contract. But she was fooled—each management fired her forthwith,—and a silly young person learned that playing square is the best policy even in the show business.

THE OYSTER'S EYEBROW

ELSA VAN BIENE, the charming young actress and singer who has forsaken musical comedy for concertizing in the big motion picture theatres, is spending the summer weeks at her home in Provincetown. By way of doing a little something to make quiet Cape Cod sit up and take notice, she opened a little tea and dance place which started as *The Oyster's Eyebrow* but has changed to the more staid *Rendez-vous*. I hear the venture is a marked success and has even invoked the presence of so conservative an individual as EUGENE O'NEILL, who can very rarely be made to quit his Provincetown lighthouse for the mad, gay life of the shore!

THE GRAND GUIGNOL

(Concluded from page 13)

in charge, Maurey being now director of the Théâtre des Variétés. The name Guignol recalls, of course, those delightfully fantastic Punch and Judy shows, called guignols, which one encounters in the Champs Elysées and the Gardens of Paris. And this grown-up guignol, though it has no connection with marionettes, yet succeeds in dominating its audience with much the same completeness. The great public is still child-like enough to adore being frightened half out of its wits or having its heart wrung

with pathos—if only for the fun of waking up and finding it all dispelled like a dream at the descent of the curtain. After the outcry against melodrama which arose some years ago there was a natural reaction in favor of this popular means of entertainment in the theatre and plays of mystery and terror rapidly came again into their own. It is to this almost universal taste of mankind that the Grand Guignol appeals. It has had its imitators and followers in Paris, London, and New York.

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